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Things in General.

THE British War Office seems to have hopelessly acquired the habit of doing things wrong. Canada was by no means unanimous as to the desirability of sending a contingent six hundred strong to parade at the Coronation. The Canadian contingent itself, if we are to believe the special cables to the "Evening Telegram," which are ordinarily so reliable, is quite unanimous as to its having been badly treated. Perhaps Canadians had the idea that they were to be used with uncut hospitality, but their minds have been disabused of this, if they had any such conception, by the needless lack of consideration which has been shown them. They were quartered at Alexandra Palace, which by chance seems to have turned out to be little better than a mud hole. The officer chosen by Canada to lead them was put aside by the War Office authorities until Canadian protests prevented the change, and the men themselves were apparently threatened with being put on police duty and robbed of the distinction they have enjoyed as being the largest and best contingent furnished by any colony. The War Office seems to think that all the men at its disposal are to be used for police and garbinger purposes without regard to sentiment or the expense which has been gone to in order to place them on parade. It cannot be denied that Canada to a certain extent has gone astray from the true military idea in sending men abroad for British service. It must be admitted that a soldier's duty is to do what he is told, no matter whether the task is unpleasant or not. Everyone who enlists practically separates himself from the condition, rank and environment which belong to the private individual, and this is the view held by the British War Office, and in the main it is a sound one. When a Canadian goes into the British army he is a British soldier and his colonial nationality under the general rulings of the War Office disappears. The W. O. has held from the beginning of Canadian volunteering that there is only one army and only one rule, and that a colonial must take his chances with the average Tommy Atkins.

Canada, and perhaps the other colonies, have taken different and perhaps much more vulgar views. The contingents sent to the aid of the Mother Country were looked upon as advertisements as well as expressions of loyalty. Confining ourselves to Canada, it cannot be denied that in this country we have insisted on our contingents being kept together that they might achieve glory or disgrace, as the fortune of war dictated, as a Canadian outfit. From the beginning the War Office has struggled to scatter Canadians, possibly with the idea that neither their glory nor their shame might reflect upon any part of the Empire, but he held merely as part of the outcome of British arms. The vigorous protests of Canada prevented the consummation of this attempt to obliterate the names of colonials in favor of something which bears the sign only "The British Empire." Nor can it be denied that this attitude on our part has been tainted by the swagger and self-advertisement of one who desires to make profit. The attempt to stretch this W. O. rule in the Coronation festivities to the obliteration of the Canadian contingent was certainly inhospitable and likely to discourage further attempts on the part of Canada to advertise itself at royal pageants. This brings us to the real point of the whole situation. Has Canada been too much engrossed, in its seeming super-loyalty, in the task of advertising itself? Self-advertisement is not usually a very graceful thing. Insistence upon being observed is not characteristic of a gentleman or a lady. Canada has certainly in her military operations on behalf of the Empire insisted upon being observed. The majority of people who were topped off in this country with the super-fine hair of loyalty have been publicly urging the sending and payment of troops as a matter of the heart, while in private they have been talking of it as the finest advertisement Canada ever had. Now which was it, Loyalty or Advertisement, or both? If it was loyalty the act of self-sacrifice was payment enough for the service; if advertisement we have probably by our insistence and the valor of our troops obtained what we desired. But if we ask for recognition for loyalty is it not possible that we may be refused owing to the fact that we have had the advertisement for which we have so vigorously clamored. No doubt in the whole matter there was the desire to see the Canadians acting together as a body, distinguishing themselves as such, and being officered by men whom we thought more competent for the purpose than the War Office dude who might chance to be appointed. Admitting all these Canadian aspirations, some of which are perhaps more or less sordid, it is rather an unbecoming thing to see our volunteer contingent being pushed around in London and made a peep-show of, as report tells us they have been. The War Office had no business to use them as anything but a display squadron that had a right to expect the hospitality of the nation. Canada was satisfied to have Colonel Pellatt in command, and Canadians will thank Sir Frederick Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and those concerned in seeing that he was not removed to satisfy the whim of some pin-headed War Office official. Unintentionally the War Office has taught Canada the lesson of raising and expending her own defence fund. It may be ungentle and a trifle improper to insist upon having the credit for our own military contingents, but that this is exactly what we are intending to do may at once be laid down as a rule. No matter how it may strain our relations in matters of reciprocal trade or anything else, nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of every thousand Canadians are absolutely and unalterably of the opinion that no soldier or sailor from this country shall ever be put under the immediate command of any "Lord Chivy" who may be selected by some drowsy official in the War Office who has a relative that he would like to see comfortably provided for until he is killed—together with his command.

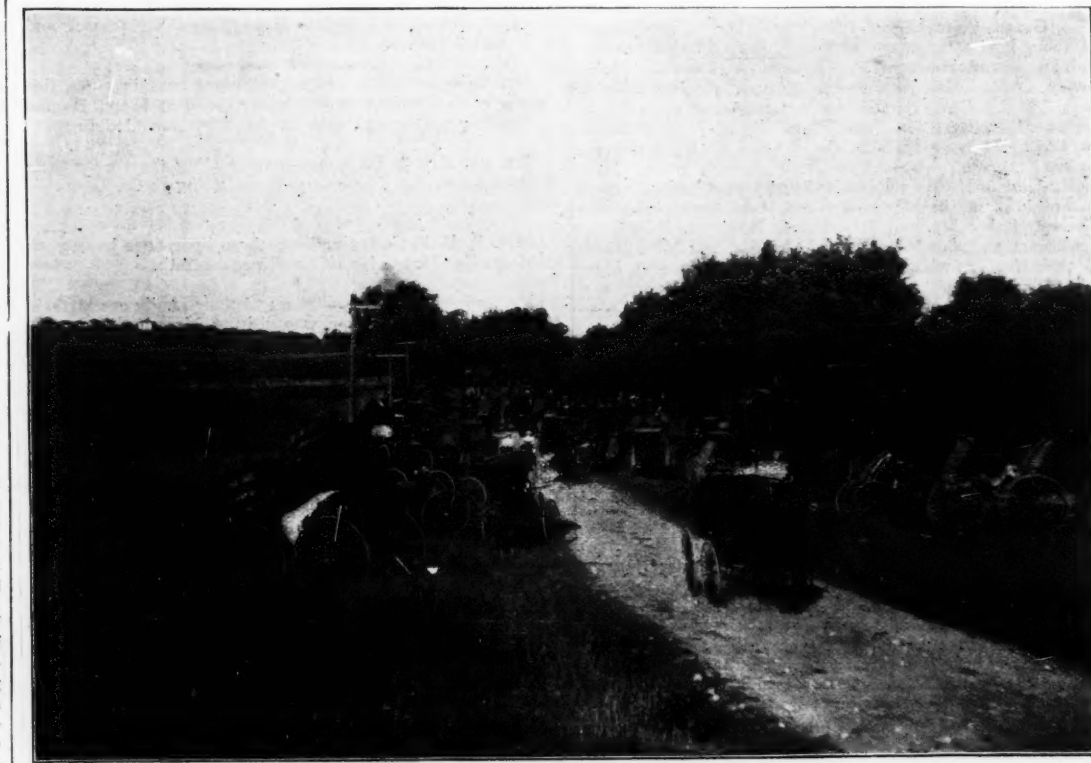
THE decision of the courts in Lennox and North Grey gives the seat in Lennox to the Conservatives and settles the tenure of the Liberals in the latter constituency. A further scrutiny in North Grey is threatened, but it must be remembered that men as well as ballots can be tampered with and electors brought up to swear how they voted as easily "touched," and greater reasons for touching them exist than can be imagined when votes are being first counted. The decision of Justice Macdonald that there was no evidence of fraud in North Grey is much more valuable to the Liberals than the loss of Lennox is damaging. To retain a constituency is of much less importance than to retain a reputation, and, in the constituencies which are liable to be opened before the House meets, the retention of a good name and the judicial contradiction of the charge that there was ballot-switching without doubt will put the Government in a better position than if it could count two or three more of a majority upon its fingers.

TOO much discussion of an enterprise which depends for its popularity upon public confidence almost invariably has a disconcerting effect. It is to be hoped that our Industrial Fair, which was assailed last fall by the press of the city, its reorganization demanded and the construction of new buildings insisted upon, will not have lost

its hold upon the people of this province when the gates are opened for the annual exhibition a couple of months later on. It is doubtful if the people who attended the Fair had much fault to find with it, but after hearing it criticized so roundly it may be that there is a general impression abroad that the Exhibition board and the enterprise itself are more or less dilapidated. Mayor Howland denies that he suggested that the Exhibition be cancelled this year either on the ground of the possible death of the King or because the buildings would not be finished, or both. The controllers are vigorously asserting that he did make such a suggestion, and knowing the tendency of our chief executive to make half-baked suggestions it is difficult to imagine that the controllers are wilfully misrepresenting him in the matter. At the present crisis in the affairs of the Industrial Exhibition the utter folly of suggesting that under any circumstances it be closed for a year is so apparent that one cannot wonder that even the Mayor himself is ashamed of even harboring such an idea. It is to be feared that the buildings will not be quite completed, but surely much can be done in the two months still at our disposal. Even if a certain amount of temporary work has to be done it would pay the Board much better to do it than to permit the long list of successful exhibitions to be permanently disfigured by demonstrating the weakness which has already been so much discussed.

TALKING about the Mayor and the many foolish things he has suggested or attempted, his part in calling out the troops to insure law and order during the street railway strike was a redeeming feature, not, as unionists allege, an unpardonable sin. It does not sound well for labor agitators to so roundly condemn the Mayor and other police commissioners for their prompt and impressive action. The cost of calling out the troops was trivial com-

pared with the damage which would have been done to property and the reputation of the city had several days of turbulence been permitted before the militia were called out to assist the police. Under no circumstances can it be alleged that the militia were put on guard to coerce the strikers or to do anything but protect the lives and property of law-abiding citizens. It would seem almost as if some of the leaders of labor movements demanded an opportunity for rioting to assist them in their strikes. It is these men, not the rank and file, who are so bitter in their denunciation of Mayor Howland, and it is probably merely braggadocio when it is asserted that one of the very few wise things that Mayor Howland has done since he has occupied the Mayor's chair is to be accepted as a reason for his retirement into private life. There are many who think Mayor Howland should never have been entrusted with the position he occupies; and if he runs again would use every effort to insure his defeat, yet who will certainly resent the idea of working in harmony with those who insist upon his retirement because he for a moment woke up and endeavored promptly to do his duty.



The Crowds About the Skelley Farm, Paris, Ont., During the Entombment of "The Man in the Well."

(Photo by J. A. Cockburn, Paris.)

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While dealing with this matter, it should be said that many of the police force who have been on duty for three years and more have never had revolvers issued to them and were unarmed except with batons when they had to oppose the violence of the strikers. Is the city too poor to give these policemen revolvers, or are the authorities afraid to trust them with firearms?

WAGE earners of large cities are supposed to be intensely anxious to elect Mayors who belong to their own class and to defeat men who at a critical moment refuse to accept their view of strikes and appointments as final. In Bridgeport, Conn., one Dennis Mulvihill, elected by the working classes, is now being denounced by the "Post," his most earnest supporter, as "insincere and recalcitrant of all the trusts that were reposed in him." It says of him, "and this is the man who had the brightest outlook ever accorded a Mayor of Bridgeport. He was elected by the people of both parties, by Republicans as well as Democrats, and he was not bound to recognize every peanut politician that held up his hand." There it is again. The political microbe got him and his name truly is "Dennis."

In Hartford, the same State, the labor Mayor is now being denounced as a fraud. Two strikes are on and it is alleged that the order given by him to the chief of police "not to arrest strikers under any circumstances" has put the whole town "on the bum." This is an instance in which a labor Mayor has acted up to his promises and has consequently failed to maintain order and protect the managers and employers of a large typewriter manufacturing company against humiliating insults. The principal paper of the place says: "The events of the past week have injured Hartford's reputation and have carried abroad the unjust and damaging impression that this city encourages turbulence, that it lacks either the ability or the inclination to protect citizens in their rights." Certainly a city which lets strikers have their own way because they belong to the

class that elected the Mayor would be intolerable to live in. And so it goes. If a Mayor doesn't do as he is told by those who elected him he is damned by the voices of those who obtained him his place. It seems at this distance and in this era of strikes that a good man who has a stake in the city and sense enough to use sound judgment is much to be preferred to those who are being supported by demagogues. We have had a little taste of this sort of thing in Toronto, and the condemnation by labor agitators of the Mayor for concurring in the calling out of the militia is an indication of what we would get if a representative of the element that is liable at any time to go on strike were to be chief executive.

AS a combined civic and legal heavyweight, Mayor Howland has been passed into the wash-room to be repaired. The Court of Appeal, winding up the procession of other courts, has finally pushed him off a back bench. He was really too good looking to have been hurt, but a man who cannot protect himself and yet keeps his nose in front of an angry man's fist is liable for a spell to carry it round in a rag.

MAN who certainly ought to know what he was talking about, for he is as well informed as anyone in the city with regard to the workings of the street railway employees, told me last Saturday that the most dangerous element amongst the men and the one that is least likely to be conciliated, is composed of about seventy-five Fenians who are chronic agitators and members of the Clan-na-Gael. Recent investigations made by detectives and others lead to this startling discovery. It seems almost incredible to those of us who had no suspicion that members of this organization were living amongst us. Yet my informant gave me the further and reassuring information

I REMEMBER nothing of individual concern aside from municipal, international or Imperial politics, which so intensely absorbed the sympathy and attention of the community—as far as I can judge that rather vague thing which we call the community—as "The Man in the Well." Joshua Sanford, without any effort of his own, and certainly much against his personal preferences, was for nearly four days the most thought of man, the most discussed personage as far as Ontario is concerned, in the British Empire. The illness of King Edward and the abandonment of the Coronation became trifles as compared with whether the rescuers would reach the well-digger or if he could get his leg loose from its entanglements. Thousands of people die in hospitals or in their homes under the most strenuous, the most soul-racking conditions, and the world bobs along serenely and pays no attention to their extremities, their agonies or their probable end. A well-digger is not a person of superlative importance, but a well-digger in the situation in which Joshua Sanford was discovered by readers of the daily papers at once became the hero of the hour. How much of this exaggerated condition was created by the elaborate newspaper reports it is unnecessary to discuss, yet between two and three thousand people gathered at the mouth of the well who presumably had not been informed by newspaper descriptions of the dire extremity of the imprisoned man. Early on last Saturday afternoon I met men who had been sent from the suburbs by their wives to see the newspaper bulletins as to the condition of Joshua Sanford, and never before did it impress me as greatly as then that the individual life of an obscure person can become most important to a great community by reason of terrible danger and marvellous personal fortitude. Every person one met on the street had something to say about The Man in the Well. It was on everybody's nerves; it seemed to be disturbing everybody's mind, and one of those odd phases of personal sympathy and attention which occasionally sweep away all barriers of class, wealth and social importance had by one touch of human sympathy made our little world well-diggers. The ladies at home discussed the subject over five o'clock tea; servants in the kitchen, women over their tubs, mothers with their babies, fathers returning at noon-time from their work, were all infected with the germ of sympathy for Joshua Sanford. It is a poor business to endeavor to moralize, and yet one cannot well refrain from the suggestion that the world dearly loves to have its nerves upset and for a time to be in thorough sympathy with someone who is in dire distress. That the young man who was imprisoned uttered no moan; that the brave, big-hearted men who were laboring to save him at the risk of their lives captivated the community cannot be denied. It appears on the surface at least that to obtain human sympathy and that indescribable affection which went out to Sanford, one has only to be brave and strong and uncomplaining in situations

which ordinarily develop the weakness of people instead of their strength. I think there is a glorious lesson in this to the youth of this country, and also to the older men, who as they get hardened by years of contact with the world, carry round the idea that they are misunderstood, unappreciated, and that their virtues are really standing in the road of their advancement.

There is a great danger, however, that the proposal to get the well-digger to appear in Massey Hall and to raise a fund for him and his rescuers will turn the whole thing into a ridiculous farce. Once Sanford tries to make money or further notoriety by means of the advertisement he has had, the crowd that hung around the bulletin boards and trembled over the newspaper reports will, likely as not, throw eggs and cabbages at him, when its humor has changed. It is to be hoped that the well-digger will not permit himself to degenerate into an infernal nuisance, and if he comes to Toronto at all he should drop into the "World" office and pound the editor into a discreet silence.

WHILE times were perhaps never so good in Canada as they are at present, there is a certain fascination, born probably of the fear that things are too good to last, which inclines the observant reader to turn to philosophical articles on the causes and course of industrial depression existing elsewhere and liable to afflict ourselves within the next couple of years. Dr. Braun of Stuttgart, writing to the "Yale Review," recites with great lucidity the recent boom and reaction in Germany. The boom began in 1882 and lasted till 1895, during which period Germany was practically changed from an agricultural to a manufacturing and commercial country. The recent and wonderful increase in Canadian business makes some of the figures Dr. Braun presents of sufficient interest to be quoted.

"The working population increased 17.8 per cent., of which 0.7 per cent. went to agriculture, while 29.5 per cent. went to manufactures, and 48.9 per cent. to commerce. Immigration declined. Trades unions increased their membership from 255,922 in 1895, to 633,427 in 1900. In the former year, there were 20,104 men engaged in ship-building, in the latter there were 40,808. The thirty years prior to 1900 saw an increase of 36 per cent. in population. Railroads increased 180 per cent. and their earnings 400 per cent.; shipping by 500 per cent.; coal production by 250 per cent.; pig-iron by nearly 330 per cent.; and exports by 100 per cent. In the last few years the growth of industrial corporations has been enormous. Their stocks were listed on the market in 1900 to the extent of \$167,500,000, as against \$89,000,000 in 1897. The armies of workmen engaged in manufacture soon brought about over-production, and consequent stagnation. An acute cause of distress is the failure of credit. Banks had unwisely invested in huge blocks of industrial stocks, and had become promoters of speculative ventures. The failure of the Pomeranian Mortgage Bank in 1900 disclosed the financial situation, and began a period of liquidation which still continues. The bank had loaned \$21,000,000 to a concern which paid 50 per cent. dividends out of its capital. So wild were some of the schemes of the boom period. Since then, stocks have tumbled. Even unquestionable securities have fallen from far above to far below par, and the people are eagerly withdrawing their money from industrial enterprises to invest in foreign loans and securities. The withdrawal of capital only aggravates the crisis. Germany, however, does not suffer alone. The European continent is generally affected. Widespread unemployment and crop failures make the depression severe in Russia, and similar conditions are prevailing in Austria-Hungary, Switzerland, Belgium, and the Scandinavian countries."

THE Ontario Medical Council, unhappily celebrated for its rancorous discussions and intolerance of everything and everybody to which and to whom it does not issue a license, has wisely endorsed Dr. Roddick's bill introduced last session in the Dominion Parliament for the establishment of a Medical Council for all Canada. The passage of this law and its endorsement by the various provinces will make it possible for a medical practitioner to register, and be permitted by one registration to study or practice anywhere in the Dominion. Much complaint has been made in the past that a doctor with an Ontario license could not practice in Great Britain or any other colony. Nothing better could have been expected when the licentiates of one province of Canada were debarred from practice elsewhere in the Dominion. When a Dominion of Canada license is issued it is to be hoped that the other colonies and Great Britain itself will see fit to accept it, and thus another step in the unity of the Empire will have been taken.

CARNEGIE'S gift of \$50,000 to the city of Montreal for a free library is creating a row which is arousing the more or less latent prejudices of the city, which must be poor in spirit or it would not have accepted from an alien money for a library which it should provide itself. The immediate cause of the bitterness is the selection of three censors who shall say what books are to be admitted and to supervise the "index expurgatorius." The by-law says that the censors shall be laymen, one to be nominated by McGill and one by Laval University and the third by the City Council. Our French brethren denounce this as an insult to the Church, yet but few cities would care to bother with a public library if the preachers and priests were to have the say as to what books were to be placed on the shelves.

THAT wearisome poscur, Mr. J. L. Hughes, it appears, is to be retained as chief inspector of Toronto's schools, but has been warned to limit his energies to the job for which he is being exceedingly well paid, and to abandon his lecture tours and book-writing projects. Assistant Inspector Chapman is hereafter to be an underling of Inspector Hughes, and those who understand the situation best feel considerable sympathy for the man who is being handed over to the tender mercies of one with whom he could not work in amity as an associate. The "Evening News" says that "a swelled head is Mr. Hughes' greatest danger." The case would be better described if it said that a swelled head is Mr. Hughes' most prominent symptom—a symptom, by the way, which indicates an astounding and abnormal idea of his importance not only to the school system of Toronto, but to the educational affairs of the world. It is to be hoped that the Inspector recognizes the fact that he has been very generally under examination and investigation by the Public School ratepayers, who much more promptly and openly than ever before will endeavor to bring him to book if he attempts to establish himself as an educational dictator in this city.

THAT corporation, born in folly and engineered by imbecility, known as the Chignecto Marine Transport Company of London, England, has recently had a meeting and passed a resolution claiming compensation from Canada for the abrogation of a contract which it never ought to have had from this country. This company proposed to build a ship railway from the Straits of Northumberland to the Bay of Fundy, a route over which ships have

no particular occasion to pass, and which, if it had been finished, would have been the laughing stock of the earth. They started building from a mud-hole on the Straits of Northumberland to a mud-hole on the Bay of Fundy and got part of the way across when their funds ran out. Canada, by agreement, was to pay a certain amount when the ship railway was completed. The fool project fell down. It has never been completed, no ship has passed over the tumble-down and ridiculous structure. Efforts were made to extend the time limit of the contract, but without avail, and the greatest absurdity ever recognized by a Dominion Parliament stands in a fragmentary condition to remind those who pass through the neck of land between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia of what an idiotic engineer and promoter can succeed in inducing the British investor to take stock in. That Mackenzie and Mann were given the contract by order-in-Council to build a road into the Yukon and received an indemnity for having the contract set aside seems sufficient to induce these lunatics of the Chignecto route to set out in a claim. The fool-killer has not been attending to his business or this extraordinary ebullition would never have taken place.

I HAVE received from the owner of a plot in Mount Pleasant cemetery copies of several letters which recently passed between him and the secretary of the Toronto General Burying Grounds Trust. In view of complaints, of which this is not the first which I have heard, of the condition in which some of the cemeteries are kept, these letters make interesting reading. They are too long to reproduce here, but the facts appear to be briefly these:

The lot-owner, wishing to keep his cemetery property in as good condition as a man would be likely to keep his front lawn, applied two years ago to the Trust for water for sprinkling the grass with hose, but the application was refused on the ground that the Trust looked after the watering of flowers and plants, and therefore had no water to dispose of. This spring, application for water for the sprinkling of the grass was renewed by the same lot-owner. He was again turned down, on the ground that "lot-owners can have water free for flowers, but the trustees have not a sufficient supply of water to allow the watering of plots, and consequently cannot permit the use of hose." The lot-owner thereupon begged to be informed of the cause of the shortage of water. "I have always," he affirms, "seen the creek running to waste when I have visited the grounds; this applies to when the pumping plant was working as well as when idle. Is there any reason that the plant should be at all idle during the next ten weeks? When consumers are willing to pay for water it cannot be one of expense." The reply of the secretary to this letter of inquiry was to cite Rule 7 in the book of Rules and Regulations of the Toronto General Burying Grounds Trust. This rule provides that all lots are to be properly sodded, the grass regularly mown, and the trees and shrubbery kept trimmed; and so as to protect the grounds from injury and keep them uniform, it is provided that the work shall be done by the Trust at the expense of the lot-owners, at a fixed scale of prices. The rule, however, says nothing about the watering of grass; evidently no provision is made for such a service. The gentleman who desires to have the grass in his plot regularly sprinkled and is willing to pay for the water, holds that it is no answer to his application to cite a rule which does not bear upon the subject under consideration, and I am bound to say I agree with him.

It can be readily understood that for sentimental reasons as well as from the standpoint of tastelessness a lot-owner may desire to keep the grass green above the remains of the departed, and it seems extraordinary that the trustees of a cemetery should place any obstacle in the way of lot-owners taking a pride in the appearance of their plots. If there is not a sufficient water supply at Mount Pleasant cemetery to admit of a reasonable use of hose, provision ought to be made, if at all possible, for an increased quantity. But my informant declares that water is running to waste, and yet he is refused a lawn service, although offering to pay for it, and although after formally abandoning the watering of flowers the trustees are now supplying water free for that purpose.

My informant in his last letter to the secretary of the Trust says that he will now assert what he believes to be his rights and, without asking permission, attach hose to the hydrant and sprinkle the grass of his plot when it requires it. It will be interesting to hundreds of readers of "Saturday Night" who are also lot-owners at Mount Pleasant, to know what the Trust will do in the event of being thus defied, and I shall be obliged if my correspondent will keep me posted on the upshot of his being thus forced to "take the law into his own hands."

IT seems that the Canadian Coronation contingent has started for home. It is within the power of Toronto to make England echo with the welcome that is given them, which will be somewhat in contrast with the official reception they received while in London, and it should be done.

PRINCE HENRY'S visit to the United States appears to have had no permanent effect in sweetening the feelings of our Republican neighbors who propose to do the business of the world and ignore even the friendly sentiments of those who try to cultivate this hybrid democracy. The Kaiser, feeling that he had got in some pretty good work by sending his brother to the United States, thought he would top the matter off by presenting Uncle Sam with a statue of Frederick the Great. The offer was made with the gush and effusive friendliness of the Kaiser when he is in one of his amorous international moods, but from various sections of the Republic sniffs of derision and snorts of contempt are coming with a rapidity that is apt to knock the project in the head. Texas, the wild and woolly, of course leads in the protests which are being made with regard to the acceptance of any statue of any "king, emperor or potentate who rules by the supposed divine right of kings." The Kaiser's more than conventional politeness to the United States is apparently resulting in a very severe snub which will perhaps do William the Second—to none—considerable good.

MACKENZIE AND MANN have a strike on their hands, the whole outfit of the Canadian Northern apparently having resolved to go into partnership with the celebrated contractors and divide up the profits. This is one of the accidents which come to greatness. Those who get subsidies from the people must be expected to divide up with the charming crowd which is not ashamed to be sufficiently vulgar to demand a second piece of pie if there is pie going round.

PESSIMISTS as well as optimists have their place in the economies of the world, and this is generally accepted, and has been since the time when in Egypt there were fat years, and exceedingly lean ones followed the period of plenty. It would be bad enough for those who with the best possible intentions are seeking to restrain speculators and manufacturers—who perhaps are making undue preparations for an increased output, so general on the part of investors and industrial enterprise—to dwell at length upon the wet weather which meteorologists tell us is likely to last and to damage the crops. Outside of the rather doleful news we hear about too much rain, a number of Western newspapers are speculating as to the return of the grasshopper to the States which the locust has more than once devastated. The grasshopper was known at one time as the Manitoba locust, and though some of the learned editors are pointing out that it is entirely dissimilar from the cicada or seventeen-year locust, it is evident that there is a real feeling of alarm lest this pestiferous insect is likely to return to its old-time haunts. I remember quite distinctly when in the early seventies grasshoppers visited Kansas, cleaned up the crops, and the trees, and left nothing but dusty fields, while, incredible as it seems, they stopped the trains and caused a plague in the State. These little brutes, like potato bugs, got on the rails of the rail-



A Summer Afternoon on the Beach at the Island.

road tracks and the wheels, crushing them, turned without being able to make any progress. As far as I can find out from the Western papers, no significant sign of this plague has been discovered, the regular recurrence of their devastation being alone the basis for presuming that their return is to be feared.

THE Conference of Colonial Premiers has only begun, and yet we are being told that so astute a man as Mr. G. W. Ross has been talking in advance of the general discussion. It would be wise to fold up this despatch and put it away until we hear what Mr. Ross has really said, or if he has said anything. Those who know him will hardly believe that he is endeavoring to influence the Conference by a leather lunged oration at the door.

Social and Personal.

SOME of the Toronto people who are settled for the summer out of town are Colonel and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald and their family, who are as usual at De Grassi Point; Chief Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge and their family, who are at "The Shanty," their Island residence near the Sick Children's Hospital; Mrs. Gordon Osler, who is with her people at Beaconsfield, Que.; Mrs. Lister and her family, who are at Hudson Heights; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore and their family, including the bonnie little grandson, Master Kingsmill, who are at their country place; Mrs. W. H. Kerr and Miss Kerr, who are at Cap a l'Aigle; Dr. and Mrs. A. A. Macdonald and their family, who are at Balsam Lake; Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake and their family, who are at Lake Joseph, Muskoka; Dr. and Mrs. Nicol and their family, who are as usual at Windermere; Mrs. Arthur Sprague and Miss Sprague, who are spending the summer near Golden in the Rocky Mountains; Mr. Goldham and her daughters, Mrs. Barnard and Mrs. Henri Suydam, who are at the Royal Muskoka; Dr. and Mrs. Hawke, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Haas, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lee, Mr. Charles Fleming, who are at Ellesmere House, Center Island; Mr. and Mrs. Willie Bright, who are at Hanlan's Hotel; Mrs. Salter Jarvis and Miss Muriel Jarvis, who are at Atherly, Lake Simcoe; Mrs. E. B. Johnston and Miss Johnston, who are at Barrier; Mrs. George of Avenue road and her family, who are at Jackson's Point; Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, who are at their Muskoka island, as are also Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Mason and their family; Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick are at Center Island, as are also Mr. and Mrs. Jim Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Massey and their families; Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham are in their beautiful Island home; Major and Mrs. Albert Gooderham and Mr. and Mrs. Willie Brouse are also at their Island residences. I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Gooderham one day recently taking an airing down town with the wee girl who arrived on Victoria Day and has been named "Victoria Louise" as a birthday souvenir. Another small person received his name last Sunday—Master Ian William McLeod Armstrong Black, who is to go to the country with his sweet young mother next week. I hear they did not go on Thursday, as reported. Mr. and Mrs. Eby have settled on the Island for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Edgar have settled at Balmly Beach. Mrs. and Miss Sybil Seymour are at Juddhaven, Lake Rosseau, for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Acton Burrows have again decided on that ideal resting place, Prince Edward Island, for themselves and their family's summer sojourn. Mr. and Mrs. Corey and Miss Mabel Corey are to enjoy the vacation at Juddhaven. Rev. G. Macbeth Milligan, D.D., has gone to Scotland for his vacation.

Mrs. Fraser, Miss Kate Fraser and Master Burfert Fraser, accompanied by Mrs. Frank Anglin and children, left yesterday to spend the summer with Mr. Chisholm Fraser, manager of the Bank of Montreal, Rossland.

Mr. John S. MacKinnon and Mrs. MacKinnon (nee Sintzel of Hamilton) have returned from their wedding trip and have taken up house at 48 Admiral road. Mrs. MacKinnon will not receive until the autumn.

Mrs. S. F. MacKinnon and Masters Sidney and Lawford Miles left yesterday for Mrs. MacKinnon's beautiful summer home in Lake Rosseau, Muskoka, where they will spend July and August. They will be joined by a merry house party. No more charming spot in all the Muskoka region can be found than Oakland Park.

Mrs. Winn, Mrs. E. C. Jones, Mrs. E. Gordon Jones, Mrs. Kendrick, Mrs. Robert and R. Gordon Parker, Rev. R. J. M. Perkins, R. M. Pritie, Miss Beatrice Neville Parker, Harry J. Mills, and Miss Grace Dobie, Miss Maggie Miller, Miss S. Colville, Maud M. and Minnie Tye, J. S. Barber, Robert Darling, Miss Fisher, A. E. Bastedo, Mrs. H. B. Miss and Miss Lora Renan, Dr. W. A. and Miss Scott, H. M. Tedman, Mr. J. Edmonson, J. W. Foster, Mrs. Hugh Cochrane, Rowena M. Copp, Edmund M. Morris, Mrs. S. J. VanKoughnet, Mrs. MacKinnon, Mrs. Miss Marjorie and Miss Elaine Macbray, Thomas Wright, William J. Mrs. and Master V. W. Dyas, Mr. and Mrs. J. McC. Jowitt, Mr. Asheton Smith, J. D. MacKay, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Miss Helen Armstrong, Mrs. Thomas and Miss E. L. Alison, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert C. Cox, Mrs. H. M. and Miss Constance Klinger, F. Oulcott, Rev. E. M. Burwash, Mr. and Mrs. James Whitmer, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fleury, Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Hodgson, J. W. L. Forster, Miss Sadie Harper, R. W. E. J. W. P., and Miss M. Barker, Captain and Mrs. J. G. Burnham, J. H. and Mrs. Moore, the Misses Mary and Eileen Elwood, Mayor and Mrs. G. S. Ominancey, the Misses Edith and Lilian Kent, Mrs. W. H. and the Misses Isabel and Winnifred Howland, Mrs. C. FitzGibbon, F. M. Bell-Smith, Percy Roberts, all of Toronto, registered last month at the office of the Canadian Commissioner in London, England.

Colonel and Mrs. Denison of Heydon Villa sail for Canada next week.

Miss Noyes of Hamilton was a charming guest at the invitation dance of the Island A. A. last week. She is visiting Miss Alleyne Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Jones are settled in their picturesque new home in Emsley place, and

Mrs. Jones has a much cherished young visitor in the person of the little child of her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Hulme. Mr. and Mrs. Hulme are on a trip to England.

Miss Mabel Dunbar, a pretty St. Thomas girl, is visiting her cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunbar, at 522 Huron street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Smith are going to England this month. Miss Margaret Thomson, Mrs. Smith's sister, with little Miss Ruth Smith, her niece, will spend the summer at Hotel Hanlan.

Bright letters from the Barker family have delighted their Toronto friends. A letter from "Ed" would drive away the deepest blues. Needless to state, they are having a good time in London and Henley.

A lot of Toronto people dined at Hotel Hanlan on Dominion Day (Tuesday). A quiet and happy family party included Lady Kirkpatrick of Clossburn, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout of Rosedale House, Miss Kirkpatrick and Miss Elsie Bankes.

Mr. George Carruthers of Winnipeg was in town this week. With a couple of friends he dined at Hotel Hanlan on Dominion Day and took in the West Island doings.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp are leaving shortly for their summer vacation. I believe they are going to the Georgian Bay.

Mrs. E. B. Ryckman and her three little ones have gone to Magnolia, Mass., for this and next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Davidson and their family are at their Island home. Mrs. Tripp was visiting Mrs. Davidson this week. Mr. Tripp has been away on musical exam. affairs.

The approaching departure of Mrs. A. R. Creelman and her three daughters for England, and at the same time the knowledge of their subsequent change of residence from Toronto to Montreal has been a regret to all their friends in town. On the last two weeks in June Mrs. Creelman was at home on Tuesdays and Wednesdays at Miss Jennings' home in St. Vincent street, and friends by the score called to bid her farewell. Several small "bye-byes," as the little farewells are nicknamed in the smart world, have seen Mrs. Creelman at their raison d'être, and it is a matter of real regret that we are to lose so estimable and capable a woman from our city. As a friend, wife and mother Mrs. Creelman has few peers, all her intimates agree.

Dr. Sheard has made a handsome break in the decidedly war-worn row of summer residences at Hanlan's, his fine new house, with pillars and verandahs looks as if it had strayed from the stately row east of Mrs. Mead's and lost its way back, settling down among the particular and many-shape bunch of Ladysmith, Pretoria, Mafeking, Belmont, and others less lucid, wherein are grand, good times and jolly Islanders, if not so much white and green paint and comeliness in their houses.

I have heard some hundred queries as to why Bay street is allowed to remain in its present scandalous condition of pavement? It's quite a disgrace to Toronto, and catches the eye of all the best tourists coming up from the Queen's, besides dislocating anything that goes over it. We on the outside sometimes marvel at the way this city looks in spots.

A very welcome visitor on the holiday was Mrs. R. O. McCulloch of Galt, who paid a flying visit to her uncle and aunt, Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, and was greeted by many friends at the "Beaucaire" performance.

Mrs. S. H. Janes and Miss Louie Janes sailed for England on Wednesday. They have abjured all the giddy temptations of the Coronation which failed to hurry them across with many others in June, and have been long looking forward to a delightful tour in Ireland, on unconventional paths, and a chance to enjoy the full flavor of that most interesting country. Miss Louie is a born traveller and appreciates something a bit apart from the beaten track, and in her mother she secures a congenial spirit. Anyone can predict a jolly trip for them.

The Mansfield engagement, which was a "date" for July 1st not to be easily missed, brought out a splendid audience and the pretty Princess Theater was filled by well-known "mondaines" and their escorts, looking bright and happy. Box parties and theater parties were formed by half a dozen prominent hostesses, Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne being a picture and chaperoning a smart little group. It was a taste of the winter season which, owing to the peculiarly backward weather, did not bore or oppress one as on a hot evening it would have done. Mr. Mansfield provided a very well put on trifle of the time of the "beaux" at Bath, and opinions are about fairly divided over his merits, the unanimous approval of men and woman being only upon his well-happen legs.

The beach at Center Island is the children's paradise and the picture of a chance party enjoying themselves one day last week gives an idea of how safe and pleasant a place it is. The weary small boy stretched for a rest is Mr. Haas' son Max, and the other small Islanders belong to equally well known citizens.

Told to the Marines.

The "Pioneer" tells a story of a rat which on one occasion was caught alive on a ship and thrown overboard. A seagull was floating by the side of the ship. Immediately there ensued a battle royal, and the rat strangled the seagull to death. He then sat upon the carcass of the seagull, unfurled its left wing to catch the wind, and, working the right wing as an ear, set sail for the shore!

"Some er de l'ules' talkin' reformers," said Uncle Eben, "makes me think of a bald-headed man goin' 'round sellin' hair restorer."—Washington "Star."



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Social and Personal.

THE first of July always sees the social life of Toronto undergo a complete change. I don't mean that people are everywhere on the move to the sea, the mountain or the lakeside. That happens in every city of importance, and one expects to either join the exodus or content to miss for awhile many dear and familiar faces. But Toronto, on account of its water facilities and its sports aquatic element, has a distinct summer season, of so-called social life, different from that of an inland city. The day of crowded teas, the evening of stately dinners and theater parties and late suppers are over, and those who devoted much time and thought to costumes and conviviality are away to like smart reunions at the busy summer resorts, or hiding quietly and luxuriously in the country, on the ocean or behind drawn blinds at home. There is nothing of the winter's social life in those vacation months to be discovered. Even the people who danced and flirted in the winter are hard to find anywhere. The Toronto summer season has had for several years two standing reunions, the Monday evening dinner dances at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and the Island Aquatic Association Friday night hops at the Hall at Center Island. To these dances the young people flock in scores, and except the jolly reunions at the Hunt Club and the various golf club houses in the suburbs, they are the only "events" to be chronicled. Toronto's summer season means a reign of duck frocks and muslin dresses, white flannels and sweaters, moonlight on the bay and long tranquil evenings on the beach on the lakeside, jolly little dinners at Hotel Huron, and picnic teas at one's friends' island cottages. The Toronto summer season takes its happy course out of doors: scores of young girls and fine, strapping boys, with the freedom of the summer season, enjoy life afloat and ashore. Strangers dropping in by chance or design in search of cooler climes and distraction are fascinated by the unconventional, healthy, enjoyable Toronto summer season, and are forming the habit of spending their compulsory northerly migration here. The chronicle of the social life of Toronto during July and August may cause many a winter belle and chaperone and society man to

say as he reads, "Who on earth are those people whose names one sees in the vacation papers?" They are beautiful girls from Georgia, Florida, all the sweltering Southern States, who come north, and quicken the pulses of many a Northern "summer man" by the witchery of their dark eyes, the "voix traitante" of the languorous South, or the brisk, quick, musical tones of some nearer locale. Girls who wear quaint sunbonnets and wonderful frocks, and who revel in the "dolce far niente" of Toronto's summer season, varied by the fun of an island regatta and the delight of a keen sailing contest between the noble craft, native and foreign, that skim over the charming waterways that bless Toronto.

This summer season was opened last week by the first dance in the Island Aquatic Hall. It was to have been ushered in by a huge garden party, dinner and fireworks at the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, whose patron is the King of England, but the anti-climax which dumped the brilliancy of Coronation week into a slough of despond in London was faithfully echoed in Toronto, and the Yacht Club's Island home was in the most loyal seclusion and subdued anxiety. The Island Aquatic, not being burdened with the same "noblese oblige," dispensed itself very friskily, the number and brightness of the guests at the opening dance on Friday evening being most impressive. Fortunately 'twas a lovely night, neither too cool nor too warm, and the invitations having been generously sent, there resulted a rather crowded but extremely jolly "opening." Plenty of married folks occupied the chairs about the hall, and the young contingent frisked to their hearts' content. A number of handsome visitors lent grace to the dance, from Hamilton, Winnipeg, London and Detroit. I remarked several extremely good-looking girls, who were also "divinely tall," and had shoals of partners. Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mrs. Francis, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Gooderham, Mrs. Lamont, and many other "mamas" were present. The hall was profusely decorated with flags, and the music was good. Light refreshments were served, and the dance was a most auspicious opening to the Island part of the Toronto summer season. I hear that most of the Islanders are now settled for the summer, the cold, damp weather having delayed some of them until this week.

"Cedar Brae," Queensville, the home of Dr. B. F. Pearson, was enlivened on Thursday, the 26th inst., by the presence of a large company of friends, gathered to celebrate the marriage of Miss Marjorie Pearson to Mr. T. P. Stewart of Toronto. The ceremony was performed in the Presbyterian Church, which had been very prettily decorated for the occasion with marguerites and ferns. The Rev. George Brown of Toronto, uncle of the bride, conducted the service. The bride looked very charming in white crepe de chine, trimmed with duchess lace, and carrying a shower bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley, was led to the altar by her father. The bridesmaids, Miss Helen Pearson of Toronto and Miss Blanche Pearson, sister of the bride, wore white tulle and lace, with lace applique, and carried crimson roses. The groomsmen were Mr. W. T. Wyndow of Toronto, Dr. C. E. Pearson and Mr. Frank W. Pearson, officiated as ushers. Before retiring from the church the bride was made the recipient of a Bible, presented by Mr. Isaac Fairbairn, in behalf of the session of the church. After the ceremony the company, which included visitors from Brooklyn, Boston, Toronto, Newmarket, and other places, returned to the house, where a dainty dejeuner was served, followed by the usual congratulatory speeches. The number and value of the wedding gifts (among which were noticed a beautiful pearl brooch, the gift of the groom, and a handsome check from a brother with the forces in South Africa) bore ample testimony to the regard in which the bride is held by her friends.

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When the time for departure arrived the happy couple were escorted to their carriage, amid the accompaniments incident to the occasion, and left to spend a couple of weeks on the waters of the Rideau, thence to take a trip down the St. Lawrence to Montreal, Quebec, and the Saguenay. The bride's going-away gown was of fawn broadcloth, trimmed with silk and Persian embroidery, with a green foliage hat.

A Cobourg correspondent writes: "Quite one of the most enjoyable social events of the week in the gay little town of Cobourg was the very bright and pretty tea given by Mr. J. Edward Fisher, formerly of London, England, in honor of his two English guests, Mr. Fred and Mr. Jack Townsend. The large studio in which the tea was held looked most picturesque, handsome rugs being stretched everywhere, cosy corners in all directions, and palms and flowers in great profusion. A loyal note in the decorations was the draping of large pictures of the Royal family with fine Union Jacks. Mrs. Doherty and Mrs. W. L. Allen acted as chaperones, and received the guests, among whom were many "American" and Canadian visitors in town. Among the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Bell (St. Louis), Major and Mrs. Scott (Washington), Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, Senator and Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Wickstead, Miss Codd (Ottawa), Miss Laid (Calveston), Miss Leah Walker, Mr. Walker, Mr. Stratton Oshin and Mrs. Lount, Mrs. Horman Lount (Toronto), Miss Taylor, Miss Gussie Walker (Toronto), Miss Lizzie Weller, the Misses Guion, Miss Mary Moore (Peterboro), Mr. Clark Dennis, Miss Lenore Dennis, Miss Helen Holland, Miss Norah Hunt, Miss Byrde Crossen, Miss Sallie Boulton, the Misses MacNachtan, the Misses Kerr, Mr. Bouchier (Peterboro), Mr. Frank Skill, Mr. Morris, Mr. Stanbury, Mr. W. A. Buchanan (Toronto), Mr. W. F. Kerr, Mr. Frank Kerr (Peterboro).

At St. Joseph's Church, on Monday, Miss Laura Fogarty, daughter of Mr. P. Fogarty, and Mr. J. P. Larkin were married. Rev. Father McEntee performed the ceremony. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a becoming gown of white organdie, and carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Miss Mary Fogarty, sister of the bride, as bridesmaid, was prettily dressed in blue and white muslin, and carried a bouquet of red roses. The groomsmen were the groom's brother, Mr. Frank Larkin. The church was beautifully decorated with palms and roses. Miss Jennie Murray presided at the organ. Solos were rendered by Miss Luke, Miss E. Murray, and Miss LeRoy. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 308 Pape avenue. Numerous and beautiful presents gave evidence of the high esteem in which the young couple are held. Mr. and Mrs. Larkin left on the two o'clock train for Buffalo and other eastern points.

Mr. Harry Heap, late of the Ontario Bank staff, has been in the city for the past few days as the guest of Mrs. Cochran of Maple avenue, Rosedale. Mr. Heap is accompanied by his father, a Winnipeg barrister. They will tour England and the Continent for four months, sailing from Montreal by the Parisian of the Allan Line on the 5th of July for Liverpool.

Miss Cecile Kahn and maid, Mr. A. T. Kahn of Shreveport, La., Mrs. William Gouverneur Morris, Miss Pope Morris of New York, Miss Constance Hora of Kingston, Mr. J. F. MacKay and son, Mr. Andrew Pattullo of Woodstock, Dr. MacCallum, Mrs. H. L. Rice, Mrs. P. G. Clarke, Mrs. Dineen, Mrs. Fletcher Singer, Mr. W. B. Dineen, Mr. W. F. Dineen, Mrs. Morton, Miss Morton, Miss Foster, Mrs. MacPherson, Mr. C. J. H. Winstanley, Mrs. Lyon of Toronto, are recently registered at the Welland Hotel, St. Catharines.

The Misses May and Florence Hamilton of Glen Lodge, Rosedale, have this week been enjoying a visit with Mrs. McPherson in Oakville.

Mrs. Willie Macdonald, Miss Maimie Macdonald, and Mr. Bruce Macdonald have left town, and are at their summer cottage, Roach's Point. Miss Lottie Phillips and Miss Jean Davidson are visiting Miss Maimie Macdonald at Roach's Point.

Mrs. W. R. Forbes of 190 Brunswick avenue sails with her little daughter for England next Saturday.

One of the most beautiful weddings which has ever taken place in Hamilton was that of Miss Jeanne, daughter of the late Rev. Edward Vincent and Mrs. Vincent of Young street, to Mr. George Benham Lown of Penn Yan, N.Y. The marriage was solemnized by Rev. Dr. Fletcher on Wednesday at five o'clock at Macnab Street Presbyterian Church. The floral decorations were especially beautiful. The pulpit was banked with daisies and palms, while the railings around the choir gallery were coiled with immense ropes of the white blossoms. The pillars and entire front of the church were completely hidden by palms, asparagus and ferns. Bunches of roses looped in the ribbons marked the seats reserved for guests. The bridal party made a charming picture as they proceeded down the aisle to the soft strains of Lohengrin wedding music. The bride entered with her uncle, Mr. Robert McCheyne Moncur, who gave her away. She wore an exquisite gown of duchess satin, en train, and finished with rose point. The bodice was trimmed with a bertha of point. The veil was held up by orange blossoms. Her only ornament was a sunburst of diamonds and pearls, the gift of the groom. The bride carried a shower bouquet of roses and lilies of the valley. Her maid, Miss Marion Lown, sister of the groom, wore a gown of white chiffon over white tulle, with lace picture hat, trimmed with white roses. Her bouquet was of rosebuds, tied with white ribbons. The bridesmaids, Miss Virginia Moncur and Miss Ann Fletcher, wore white tulle illusion over blue tulle. They wore picture hats with pink roses, and carried enormous bouquets of American Beauties, tied with sashes of pink; at the ends were tied bunches of rosebuds. The groomsmen were Mr. Walter Sherman of Watertown, N.Y. The ushers were Dr. Mullin and Mr. Bertram Nellis of Toronto. The groom's gifts were a crescent of pearls

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to the maid of honor, pearl rings to the maids, and scarf pins to the ushers. The mother of the bride wore black silk, trimmed with old point and black and white toque. The mother of the groom was gowned in black chiffon over white, pearl ornaments. A reception followed the ceremony at the bride's home, which was effectively decorated with palms, roses and June flowers, and dejeuner was served to about 200 guests in a marquee on the lawn. Over the tables were ropes of daisies and maiden-hair fern, entwining the American and British flags. The table was decked with bride roses. The out-of-town guests were Miss Dent of Penn Yan, Dr. and Mrs. Sincer, and Miss Ada Sincer of Buffalo, N.Y., Mr. H. B. Vincent of Columbus, Ohio, Colonel and Mrs. R. M. Nellis of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Lown left for Buffalo and an extended trip east, and will reside in Penn Yan.

Mrs. Thomas Rennie, "Morningside," will not receive until September.

Mr. Percival Kirkpatrick of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Winnipeg, has been visiting his mother on Lowther avenue.

A very pretty, though quiet, wedding took place on Wednesday, June 25, at half-past two, when Miss Florence Grace Quigley, second daughter of Mr. Robert J. Quigley of 217 Beverley street, became the wife of Mr. Frederick Harold Briggs Lyon. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. James Murray, B. A., of Eskine Church, the house being most artistically decorated with palms and marguerites. The bride, who entered the drawing-room with her father, wore a lovely gown of point d'esprit over white tulle, with tiny frills edged with white satin, a tulle veil, a tulle veil caught with orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern. She was preceded by her small sister and brother, Miss Edith and Master Frank, carrying baskets of sweet peas and holding white ribbons to form an aisle. Miss Gertrude Quigley, who was bridesmaid, wore a pretty frock of blue crepe de chene over blue tulle, with trimmings of cream applique. Her bouquet was of pink roses. Mr. Victor N. Lyon, the groom's brother, was best man. As the bridal party entered, the wedding march from Lohengrin was played by Miss Grace Wells. Dejeuner was served after the ceremony, the guests being only the immediate relatives, and later Mr. and Mrs. Lyon left for the northern lakes. The bride's going-away gown was a navy blue tailor-made, with hat to match. On their return they will reside at their charming new home, "The Beeches," Beech avenue, Balm Beach. Among the many beautiful presents was a mahogany piano, the gift of the bride's father.

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CHAPTER XXVI.
The Lion's Den.

Lionel Macaire was giving a dinner to a few friends at his huge palace of a house in Park lane.

Only a dozen men were asked, and there were no women save those engaged to sing and dance strange new dances in diaphanous rainbow draperies while the guests sat over their wine and cigars. But the principal guest was a royal personage, and a rumor had gone round among those present that after dinner was over the millionaire had a surprise up his sleeve for his friends.

He was celebrated for his surprises of one kind or another. Sometimes they were of a kind to be mentioned afterwards only in whispers by those let into the secret; but they were always notable, not to be forgotten. And perhaps there was not another man in England who entertained with such eccentric magnificence as Lionel Macaire. It was because of this—and because, too, of a certain rum in his town house, or under it—that he had got his nickname of Nero the Second. And the room which, though few people had actually seen it, had helped to swell his peculiar fame was called the "Lion's Den." Strange scenes were said to be enacted there sometimes.

His dining-room was built like a banquet hall in an ancient Roman palace. The floor was of white marble, and the domed ceiling was of blue and gold mosaic, the pillars supporting its arches were of pink granite, and there were wonderful curtains of Syrian-dyed purple silk, bordered with scroll patterns in gold. Against this purple background statues of beautiful nude figures stood out in gleaming white, for Macaire was a patron of the arts, and his tastes were distinctly French.

Under the open-work embroidery and lace insertion of the table-cover was cloth-of-gold; and the plate was gold also, glittering under the electric lights that starred the blue vault of the ceiling. In such a room, and at such a table, the men in their modern evening dress looked oddly out of keeping; but none so incongruous as the host himself.

With the cigars came a gold cigarette-case for each guest, with his own monogram in diamonds; and when the last pretty dancer had bowed her lightly-draped figure away behind one of the purple curtains and no man cared for more wine—Lionel Macaire's wine—the host suggested to his most honored guest an adjournment to the "cellar" (as he called it), where something amusing might be expected.

A quiet smile went round the circle at Nero's way of referring to the "Lion's Den." Every man knew that he was in for some good sport.

They left the dining-room, coming out into an immense hall, then through several passages, which led them at last to a fine billiard-room. In one wall was a great cupboard, which held all sorts of odds and ends; and at the back of this was a concealed door which opened with a spring. Its existence would have been difficult for anyone save an expert in such matters to discover unaided; and only two of the millionaire's most trusted employees were in the secret, though there were whispers in the servants' hall concerning a mystery in the house. The architect and the builder had kept their own counsel, as had Macaire's favored guests, and if the millionaire sometimes provided illegal diversions for his friends there was little danger of an interruption from rudely raiding police.

When the concealed door had retired into the wall as magician fingers touched the hidden spring, a flight of marble stairs could be seen, illuminated by electric lights set on either side. At the bottom of the steps was an open space floored and walled with marble. Here were two closed doors of oak. One of these Lionel Macaire opened, and his guests, led by Royalty, filed into a curious room.

It was, as he had said, in the cellar, but it had no connection with the other cellars under the huge house. It could be entered by two doors only; one, through which the party had just come, and another opening into an adjoining apartment.

The room was thirty feet square at least, and as plain as the rest of the house was elaborate. Round the walls were rows of cushioned seats of walnut wood, sloping upward in tiers. They would have accommodated a hundred people. Instead of the dozen here to-night, these seats waited in a conventional roped "ring"—a square about twenty feet in dimension. At each corner of this square was a big silver punch-bowl, in lieu of a basin, a silver jug filled with scented water, and a great bloated-looking sponge.

At sight of these preparations the guests at once knew what sort of entertainment was in store for them. Even those who were familiar with the Lion's Den had been uncertain till this moment, for the only permanent furnishings in the place consisted of the rows of seats along the wall. Everything else could be changed according to necessity.

Close to the ring were two chairs, and as Macaire and his friends entered two men rose from these, bowing slightly. Their faces were known to several of the guests. One was a well-known referee, the other a man appointed to act as time-keeper in the anticipated sport. The former had just come in from the next room, where the principals in the scene about to be enacted had stripped for weighing, and might soon be expected to appear.

When one of the front rows of seats had been sparsely occupied, all eyes turned towards the closed door of that next room.

Presently it opened, and three men came slouching in. One was of middle age, or near it, with closely-cropped, carrot-red hair, thick and bristly, a straight line of auburn eyebrow meeting across a pugnacious nose; fierce,

deep-set little eyes, like those of an angry pig; a protruding chin that locked the lips above it tightly together when they were shut; and the chest and arms of a giant. He wore loose white drawers, canvas shoes that made no noise when he moved; and as he came forward he grinned at the audience, suggestively clenching his hammer-like fists and swelling out his biceps so that the muscles rose like springs of iron under the dark, hairy skin.

This was Joey the Kid, and the two with him would see him through the fight.

The trio took their places at one corner of the ring, and a moment later another three came in at the door they had left open.

A tall, slim young fellow, dressed as the Kid was dressed, entered with his second and a trusted servant of Macaire's, who had performed many a queer office in this room. The newcomer looked, compared with Joey the Kid, like Antinous beside Hercules, or David with Goliath. Stripped to the waist, his face and throat bronze, his body marble, he seemed hardly more than a youth; but the eyes eagerly criticizing his form could find no fault with it. A Greek sculptor of old, in search of a model for a young athlete, would have seen in him perfection. Yet, beautiful as his body was to the eye, it appeared a monstrous injustice to match his youthful strength against the brawny bulk of the big professional prize-fighter.

Macaire himself made the necessary announcement. He told his guests that the match was to be under eleven stone pounds, and was between Joe Nash, whom they knew as Joey the Kid, and an amateur, who, having no name in English sporting circles, claimed the right to remain anonymous until after the fight. He (Macaire) vouched for him, and guaranteed that his record was no more than it professed to be. Nash had just now been weighed at eleven stone nine pounds in the weighing-chair in the next room, his opponent touching ten stone eight pounds. The conditions of the fight were the best of twenty three-minute rounds with two-ounce gloves. If it ran to the full length it would be decided by points.

Having given this information, he put in a flattering word for the referee, who looked pleased, and the prologue to the play was over; the act about to begin.

The slim young man and the hairy giant came forth from their respective corners and grasped each other's hands, the former's second (who had been his sparring partner) eyeing the pair furtively, his face eager.

By this time each man in the audience had his favorite. Notebooks were out, and bets had been recorded. Few believed that the unknown amateur had a chance against the Kid, and Hope Newcome felt adverse opinions hanging heavy in the air, oppressing his chest.

He was half ashamed of himself for what he was about to do, yet nothing on earth would now have induced him to draw back. It was all for Winifred. Already he had been able to help her. If he could win this fight, and winning it, step into the place which Lionel Macaire had promised him, he would tell Winifred the truth about the mission which had brought him to England, and ask her if, in spite of all it entailed upon him, she would promise to be his wife. He dared not think that she loved him, but she had been heavenly sweet, and it might be that she had learnt to care, just a little, during the days that they had been "partners." With money he could at least try his luck. For, if he got it, it would be his money, honestly though strangely earned. He was going to do all he knew to earn it now.

Newcome and Joey the Kid had never seen each other until they had walked out half stripped from the partitioned spaces which they had used as dressing-rooms in the next room.

He had heard all that could be heard of the big man's record from his own sparring partner, and that all was not encouraging to him. He had expected to see a giant, but the Kid had proved even more formidable to look at than Newcome's fancy had painted him; and the younger man, having so much to gain or lose, had experienced a quiver of misgiving as his eyes and the little pig-eyes of the noted prize-fighter had met.

Now, however, with the touch of the other's hand, all nervousness went. Never in his life had Hope Newcome felt more cool, more confident in himself. Realizing fully the almost desperate task to which he had pledged himself, he trusted that if he could not win the fight, at least his own splendid condition would make him no despicable foe for the hero of the ring against whom he was pitted. His muscles were like elastic and steel, his nervous energy thrilled in every fibre of his being. He had carefully trained for this fight, and his shining skin, the clear whites of his eyes, showed him to be in the height of physical condition. As he moved his arms the muscles rippled under the skin or shot out into smooth-swellings, contours, hard as ivory, as he clenched his fists and fell easily and lightly into fighting position.

The first round was merely experimenting. Each man was studying the other. Joey was clearly rather disdainfully wondering why Macaire had pitted him against this slim youth, whom he thought, in the pride of the bully, that he could "fight with one hand." Yet he did not want to be led into a trap. There might be more science in the youngster than he knew of. So he stood at first mainly on the defensive, letting Newcome begin the attack; then suddenly made one of the rushes that had often brought disaster to his antagonist. The young man saw his danger; dodged like lightning, ducking quickly under the other's arm, breaking to the left, breaking to the right; then, just as time was called, he

got in a smacking blow on the Kid's low forehead, which made him shake his head like an angry bull. It was a case of honors divided, but the dashing round of three minutes was enough to prove to Newcome that he must call on all his science, all his strength, if he were to even hold his own with this formidable antagonist.

The next few rounds were keenly, warily fought. There was a quick patting of feet on the sawdust, an occasional vicious grunt from the Kid as he struck a heavier blow than usual, the sullen thud of the gloves.

CHAPTER XXVII. Baron Von Zellheim.

So far Newcome had been successful in the game of strategy he had set himself to play. He began to think that his task might be easier than he had supposed it. He had broken with his guard, or avoided by his quickness the most dangerous blows that had been aimed at him, and he had got home several slapping knocks on Joey's face. For an instant he lost his head and, enticed by his opponent's apparent listlessness, he rushed in recklessly.

Next moment he repented, for he received a terrific uppercut that jarred his spine, and sent him reeling across the ring. Joey was after him in a flash, trying to pin him in a corner and settle him; but Newcome had still strength to dodge this way and that, escaping with another sounding blow upon the ribs. It was almost a disaster, and when time was called he could barely stagger to his stool, gasping like a newly-landed fish.

The flood of cold, pungently-scented water squeezed over his head from the great sponge brought his faculties more under control. He took a sip of brandy; his legs lost their numbness. As he rose for the next round, game still, though tottering a little, there was a murmur of encouragement from the spectators, hushed to breathlessness as Joey rushed joyously in to finish his victim.

But Newcome was not to be easily caught again. He dodged and ducked, dexterously avoiding the dangerous corners into which his antagonist would have driven him, and came scatheless but dizzy through the round. Another minute's rest, another sipping of the brandy and sip of brandy, and he was able to face his man again. But he was weak from the tremendous battering he had received, and the prize-fighter seemed determined to finish the fight there and then. The pace was getting too hot; the Kid's breaths came and went in hissing gasps. He waited to knock out his man before the latter's youth, better condition, and extreme quickness could turn the scale against his own greater strength. Grinning viciously, he rushed on his haggard opponent, and Newcome needed all his agility to save himself from the mad fury of the attack. Just at the end of the round the prize-fighter landed a straight right-hand on Newcome's throat, and the young man, lifted from his feet and hurled across the ring, seemed to the excited spectators to have received the knock-out blow which they all had feared must come sooner or later.

Actually the impact of the blow was less severe than it seemed, and Newcome, while appearing to fall like a log, had really practised something like a stage fall. He let it seem that he was badly hurt, allowed his second to support him to his chair, and lay back panting, with his eyes closed. No one who looked at him believed that he could go through another round. Macaire, was sulkily disappointed, and Macaire's guests considered the fight practically over.

Newcome was thinking to himself the same. He knew that he was over-matched in strength, in mere brute hitting power, if not in skill and science; and he bitterly realized that at any instant the end might come. One device only was left, and that was to resolve to put into practice at once. When time was called he rose languidly, and staggered towards the center of the ring. A pang of pity for a victim pluckily determined to fight it out to the last against desperate odds softened the eyes of the spectators. The Kid's attack seemed irresistible. Exasperated at the long resistance, furious that so many rounds had been fought without victory declaring himself in his favor, he rushed at his young antagonist like an angry bull. In the past, and of the assault the prize-fighter, counting now on certain triumph, relaxed his caution. It was the chance for which Newcome had watched and waited and schemed. Calling on his final reserve of energy, summoning up last ounce of strength, he shot out a clean, tremendous blow, the full weight of the body behind it, and it caught the giant full on the point of his square, resolute jaw. The Kid's hands whirled up helplessly, he fell crashing down, full on his back, his limbs twitching, his head rolling on the sawdust.

Hope Newcome, coming from his puffed lips, Newcome stood over him, wondering at what he had done, fearing that the giant would rise again to renew the fight, but the time-keeper's monotonous voice crying the seconds from one to ten, while still the prize-fighter lay helpless and unconscious, told his benumbed brain that the victory was his—a victory jealously snatched from the jaws of defeat.

He hardly saw the limp body of his unconscious opponent carried away to the next room. Voices drummed in his ears like the buzzing of bees. Half-dazed still, he realized that Macaire was shaking his hand, that others were crowding near.

"After such a triumph you can be anonymous no longer," the millionaire was saying. "Gentlemen, I want to introduce to you my friend Baron von Zellheim, a name you must all have heard, a man you will all be glad to meet."

CHAPTER XXVIII. Hope Newcome's Luck.

The bad news which had prostrated Mrs. Gray just as she had been pronounced out of danger was from Dick. In a reckless moment he had staked most of the money sent by Winifred to buy himself out of the army on a "sure thing." The horse had disappointed expectations—Dick swore he had been drugged—the money was lost; and Dick was still a wearer of His Majesty's livery instead of being the happy possessor of ten times the original sum sent him as he had hoped.

This disaster had been kept from Winifred, "lest it should worry her," and because the poor little invalid had had to worry all alone she had slipped back almost to death's door. Had she dreamt

of her daughter's new trouble in Brighton she would probably have died outright; but she had not been well enough even to read the cautious letter sent by the girl from Mrs. Purdy's. And meanwhile things had mended with Dick, though exactly why a certain piece of luck had come his way remained a mystery.

A lieutenant in his regiment, indifferent, even overbearing, before, had suddenly appeared to take a fancy to him; and on learning through questions that Dick was the brother of Miss Gray, the actress, invited further confidences, and finally lent the young private the money necessary to procure his freedom.

All this had happened before Winifred ventured out of her hiding-place to boldly return home, where she found Dick already established, and very little ashamed to tell the tale of his folly, his misfortune, and his rescue.

The end of the story alarmed Winifred. Not only was her pride hurt that the brother for whom she had worked so hard in vain should be under obligations to a stranger impossible at present to repay, but she was pricked with fear lest Macaire's hand had been in the business. For the officer who had come to Dick's aid was said not to be rich; indeed, Dick informed her as part of the mystery that the young man was supposed to be deeply in debt.

The girl could do nothing, however, towards repaying the loan. The money she had left from her anonymous present must be used for her mother and for current expenses, which were forced upon her by the presence of her mother. Against the wary struggle to find an engagement began; but, though the law suit she feared was not begun, the affair in Brighton, from the enemy's point of view, was known far and wide in theatrical circles, and the few managers wishing to engage actresses did not want Miss Winifred Gray.

She had been exactly a fortnight in London when a new blow fell. The officer who had lent Dick the money for his discharge wrote that he must ask for immediate repayment, and he forced himself in unexpected difficulties. Previously he had assured the young fellow that he might pay when he liked, or not at all—it mattered nothing to him.

Winifred, to whom Dick instantly came with the letter, was at her wit's end. There was no one whose advice or help she could ask. Her mother must not be told, and Dick had shown himself worse than a child in business affairs. She thought of Hope Newcome, as she had thought many times during the past two weeks, with a pained pause, because, though in London, he had never called or even written. She did not want material help from him, but poor and shabby and down on his luck as he was, her feeling for him was such as a damsel of old might have cherished for a knight who had ridden up and rescued her from murderous thieves in the forest. He had none of this world's goods; but of courage, and strength, and chivalry he had more than any man she had ever known; and just to talk with him of her troubles as they had talked when they were "partners," under their masks, would have been like having a strong staff to lean upon in her weakness.

It was late one afternoon that she sat thinking of Hope Newcome, wondering why he had kept away, and whether he had already forgotten. She had Dick's letter from the officer in her hand, and had been trying to concoct an answer, until the image of Hope Newcome had beckoned her thoughts to a distance. Darkness was falling, but gas cost money, which Winifred had not to spend. When Dick came in they would have a lamp; but Dick had gone down to Fleet street directly after their luncheon of bread and milk, hoping to place a story he had written and had not yet come home.

Suddenly the sound of the door-bell broke into her thoughts. It did not ring very often now, for the girl who had been billed so brazenly for Mazepa was in disgrace with her friends. Since she had returned from Brighton no one had called to see her.

Winifred's nerves were now in such a state that when anything unexpected happened she was frightened, and her heart beat fast. Suppose a man with a "summons" against her for breach of contract had come at last? Suppose Dick had got himself into some new dilemma, and she were to hear of it now? She had been with her mother in Welbeck street that morning, staying as long as the nurse allowed; but supposing word had come of another relapse?

There was no servant in the little flat in these days. Winifred did all the work herself; and it was part of her work to answer the bell. She went to the door now, in the half-darkness, quivering and throbbing with vague terrors of what she might have to see or hear.

But there on the threshold stood Hope Newcome, and her relief was so intense that she gave a little cry of joy and held out both hands.

"Oh, partner, it's you!" she exclaimed. "I'm so glad!"

He caught her hands and gripped them tightly—so tightly that it hurt; but Winifred was in a mood to be glad of such a hurt as this.

"You've been a long time in remembering your promise," she said, suddenly, feeling confused, and thankful for the

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Grape-Nuts is probably entitled to the claim to be the most perfectly adapted food for human needs now extant. The meat-eater and vegetarian are alike charmed with its crisp taste, the delicate flavor of the grape-sugar and the nourishment to body and brain, while the housewife is attracted by its being thoroughly cooked at the factory and obtained from the grocer ready for instant use with the addition of cream, making it a cool, delicious dish, requiring no hot stove and cross cook on a hot morning.

When Grape-Nuts and Postum Food constitute the summer breakfast, with the addition of a little fruit, it is not necessary to seek the ocean breezes for comfort, for external heat is unnoticed when internal coolness from proper food is felt. The recipe book in each package of Grape-Nuts gives dozens of delicious dishes.

darkness that hid her eyes and cheeks. "But come in. I'm sorry my brother's out. Perhaps, though, he will be here presently."

With such conventional words she led him into the drawing-room—a very different room from that in which they had had their talks at Mrs. Purdy's, yet only a mockery in its dainty grace to the emptiness of the family purse.

"Did you really believe I hadn't remembered?" Newcome asked, in an odd, tense voice, as if he were keeping back an army of words eager to press forward.

"What else could I believe? Unless that you were too busy." She had her back to him, and was busily lighting a lamp on the table. It was so dark that they had hardly seen each other yet; still, she did not appear to be hurrying over her task.

"Busy! As if being busy would have kept me away from you, after you had said I might come. No, it wasn't that. Mayn't I light the lamp for you?" In a moment the room was full of light. She must look at him now, and meet his eyes; which she turned to do, with the beginning of a smile; but the smile changed to surprise before it had reached perfection.

"Why, you—you—I hardly know you. But how rude of me! I—"

Hope Newcome laughed out boyishly. "You mean that from a 'bunker' I've turned into a 'swell.' Please don't think you oughtn't to have shown that you were astonished. I should have been disappointed if you hadn't. Is it an improvement?"

It certainly was. A Bond street tailor had done his best for the splendid, youthful figure. What Newcome had lost in picturesqueness by his transformation he had more than gained in distinction. But, remembering him so vividly as he had been at Brighton, it was certainly a shock to behold him in the smartest of frock coats, with a tall, shining hat in his hand.

"I—hardly know yet," stammered Winifred. "You're quite like the prince in a fairy story."

"If I'm not a prince, at least I pass as a baron," he answered, still laughing. "May I introduce Baron von Zellheim, at your service? I don't hold out this hat for silver. Luckily, there's no need. I'm a sort of male Cinderella; only my clock won't strike the fatal hour of midnight, for—well, I hope for some time to come. But, dear Miss Gray—dear 'partner,' if you'll let me call you that still—joking apart, I've been waiting until I knew whether I was going to be a poor, seedy beggar such as I was when I knew you first or—almost a rich man before I would permit myself to come and see you. The reason of that was, I wanted so very much to say certain things to you which I had no business to say if I were to be unfortunate, that I dared not trust myself near you till my affairs were more settled. But, oh! the struggle it's been to keep away."

Winifred did not answer. She could not if she would. A flame seemed to run through her veins. She knew what were the things that he wanted so much to say to her—she thought that she knew. And she was sure—suddenly very, very sure—that she knew what she would wish to say in return.

They had been standing, but the girl sank down on the sofa which had been sacred to her mother.

"May I sit by you and tell you all about everything that I can tell?" he said.

A look answered him, and he took the vacant place on the sofa.

"I've come into some money," he began to explain, hesitating a little. "Perhaps, if you knew how I'd got it, you wouldn't approve. It isn't—well, it isn't quite ideal, certainly. But I don't think it's dishonorable."

"Of course not, or you wouldn't have taken the money," said Winifred.

"Do you trust me for that—not know-

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"Yes, absolutely, partner." "Thank you, a thousand times. I should like you to know the whole story, but I'm bound for a time not to tell that to anybody. Still, there's the money; it's mine to do what I like with. If I keep my head I need never be poor again, and I mean to keep it. Just at present I'm being rather extravagant, but that's part of the plan. I only knew that everything was going to be all right for me a few days ago; and already I've taken rooms at Walsingham House, and have bought a horse, and done all sorts of things that would have seemed as far out of reach as the moon a few weeks ago. You remember I told you that I'd come to England a few months ago on a mission? Well, now I'm in a fair way to accomplish it—if it's to be done at all."

(To be continued.)

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Curious Bits of News.

A Chicago playwright advertises that he has written and invented a melodrama in five acts, called "The Death of Shadow." "Introducing the most absolutely startling and realistic scene in existence, the eruption of Mount Pelee and the destruction of St. Pierre. Fully protected. Western and southern rights for sale."

The American colony in Constantinople has been much perturbed over the conversion of one of its members—a Miss Davis—to Mohammedanism. Miss Davis was a teacher in the American College for Girls at Saitari, and also gave lessons in a Turkish family, where she met and fell in love with an uncle of her pupil. In order to marry him she has renounced her faith, and entered the fold of Islam.

Perhaps we are coming to railways without rails. Several automobile owners in New York are planning to construct on Long Island fifty miles of road, to cross other roads above or below grade so that they may have a free course on which to speed their machines. From running a single motor car on such a road to attaching one or more "trailers" is a short step, and the next leads to passenger and freight service. Even if special roads are not built for their accommodation, it is probable that automobile coach lines will be run as feeders to the steam or electric lines in districts where it would not pay to lay a track.

A petition to the President and Congress of the United States asking an appropriation of \$500,000,000 to assist negroes to leave the United States has been prepared by the International Immigration and Commercial Association, an organization of negroes, who were in session in Chattanooga, Tenn., a fortnight ago. The petition recites a long train of abuses to which it is asserted the negro is subjected, among which are the denial of all social and political recognition and the violation of his constitutional rights. The leading spirits in the convention are Bishop Turner of Georgia and Mr. Heard, former minister to Liberia.

In spite of the opposition of his famous mother Maurice Bernhardt has applied to the state council of Paris for permission to change his name to Maurice Clairin. This is in order to conform to the usage which requires that children should bear the name of their father, not their mother. This step is said to have been taken at the instigation of Mme. Maurice Bernhardt who is about to become a mother, and does not desire to inflict the brand of illegitimacy upon her offspring. M. Clairin, whom Maurice now selects as his father, was a painter, whose infatuation for the "Divine Sarah" nearly caused a triple tragedy twenty-five years ago.

A remarkable instance of the intelligence of ants is described by Dr. Schroeder, in the "Zeitschrift für Entomologie." Last summer a country house was so overrun by ants that the owner, after destroying a large anthill near the house and collecting the numerous pupae for poultry feed, laid sticky fly-paper before the door of the house in such a manner that the ants could not enter without crossing it. In the morning he found his poultry feed gone and the fly-paper covered with sand, dry grass and pine needles, over which the ants had passed "dry-shod." The anthill had also been rebuilt during the night. This case is well-authenticated, and a piece of the fly-paper is shown in evidence.

A well-dressed young woman entered a Boston car the other day and took a seat next to a man. Presently she leaned forward and began to tie up her shoe-lacing. It proved rather difficult to do with her gloves on, but after a while the passengers witnessing the performance saw the feat accomplished and the lady sat back calmly gazing out of the window as if "she was always tying her shoe" in electric cars. At the next stop the man beside her rose to get off, but he there came a struggle and then horror, mutual and general. The two were fastened, not exactly hand and foot, but shoe and shoe! So diligently had the lady tied the knots that the lacing had to be cut by a ready pocket-knife before the embarrassed couple could be separated.

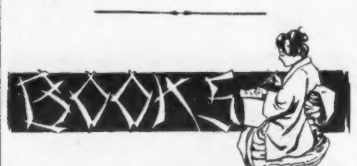
Clarence Davies has bought for \$200 a triangular strip of land 14 inches by 6 inches, and comprising 40 square inches at the north-east corner of One Hundred and Forty-ninth street and Third avenue, New York. Mr. Davies expects to derive an income of about \$1,000 a year from this investment. As the parcel is

Pressed Hard.

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.
Mr. C. C. Wright, superintendent of public schools in North Carolina, says: "My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee-drinker and had been troubled with her heart for a number of years, and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach. "Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country, and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum Food Coffee. I was so pleased with it that after the meal was over I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family were so well pleased with it that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."
"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us."
"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

a corner one, its owner has the right to occupy the sidewalk to the stoop line, which would give him a space 6 inches by 3 feet fronting in Third avenue, and 14 inches by 3 feet in One Hundred and Forty-ninth street. Mr. Davies can also get the right to build a vault under the sidewalk and the size of this vault could be 20 by 20 feet, or 400 square feet. He can use the vault as a subterranean store. The triangular plot was made by widening Third avenue and title to it has been held for some time by Samuel G. Walker as executor. It is said that a man stood on the plot for three nights some months ago, so that no one could build on it. He covered the plot almost with one foot.



READERS familiar with the inimitable "Elbow Room" and "Out of the Hurly-Burly" written by Max Adler (Charles Heber Clark) a generation ago, will be delighted to have an opportunity to renew their acquaintance with this gifted exponent of American humor, but in his new book, "Captain Bluit," written after a long interval of absorption in business pursuits, they will miss something of the rollicking, roistering spirit of his earlier sketches. Max Adler, to tell the truth, is not as funny as he used to be; at all events he is not as funny in the same way. His humor is more subtle and subdued, and there is a frequent suggestion of quiet satire, which was a rare thing indeed in the uproarious absurdities with which he was wont to provoke the "guffaws" of his readers. Mr. Clark, we suspect, looks on the world through vastly different spectacles from what he used in his heyday. His mind has ripened; he is more the philosopher and less the clown. And while he still sees the funny side of life, he is less ready to indulge in mere caricature and more inclined to get fun from painting portraits "true to the life." The tales from Turkey which make up Max Adler's new book, "Captain Bluit," are cleverly conceived and charmingly executed. There is in them a sort of reminiscent and idyllic tone which must be pleasing to readers who have reached that age when one looks back as often and with as much pleasure as one looks forward. "Captain Bluit" is decidedly a volume that speaks from a mature mind to mature minds. It is not for the youngsters, though there is nothing in it to harm them. William Briggs, Toronto, is the publisher of the Canadian edition.

The Bain Book Company report to "Saturday Night" that the best selling book of the past month in Toronto was "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," with "The Lady Paramount" second and "The Thrill of Lief the Lucky" third. The "Bookman's" Toronto report does not agree with this, but gives "The Lady Paramount" first, "Dorothy Vernon" second and "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" third. The "Bookman's" Toronto list does not include "The Thrill of Lief the Lucky" at all. The "Critics" monthly report from Mr. James Bann, Jr., public librarian, mentions "The Dark of the Moon" as the novel most in demand. Amongst books other than fiction, Heusman's "Cecil Rhodes" is at present the most frequently asked for at the Public Library.

The July "Bookman" contains an interesting illustrated article, "Washington in Fiction," similar to "Boston in Fiction," already published in the same magazine. Washington, more than any other city in the United States, lends itself to the imagination; yet, curiously enough, the novelists to whom it has appealed as a background for romance are few in number. Curiously, also, Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth, the writer of popular "dreadfuls,"—of which she has turned out sixty during forty years—is the only bona fide Washington novelist. Nevertheless, Washington has a place in a number of important novels, and the article with its illustrations makes an entertaining feature.

A feature of the "Strand" Magazine for July is an illustrated article on "Humor at the Royal Academy." It is rather surprising to learn that so many artists of high repute have frankly indulged in humorous painting. The July "Strand" is an unusually bright number.

To the July "Critic" Mr. Leo Wiener contributes the first of a series of papers on Russian Literature. The article, apart from its timeliness, is exceedingly bright and entertaining, while at the same time instructive.

"Current Literature" for July fully sustains the reputation this publication has made for itself of late. It is really an exceedingly able and comprehensive resume or abstract of the thought and literature of the day. Some changes have been made in the dress and make-up of the magazine, adding to its attractiveness and usefulness.

The July "Scribner's" contains two articles of more than average interest to Canadian readers: One is Mr. Arthur Heming's description of the Abitibi brigade, illustrated by the author. Of the many picturesque canoe brigades which used to bring the furs of the Hudson's Bay Company from the far North to market only this one now survives. Mr. Heming, who is one of Canada's foremost illustrators, chronicles his adventures on the romantic journey from Lake Abitibi south to the Mattawa. Sara Jeannette Duncan, the young Canadian woman who a few years ago made a sudden reputation as the writer of a brilliant book of travel, and is now the wife of an official in India, gives a vivid description of a trip through Burma, accompanying Lord and Lady Curzon.

Both the Copp, Clark Company and Morang & Co. have issued their catalogues of books for the summer and fall of 1902.

"The Story of Mary MacLane" (Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.), is creating something of a furore. It reminds the romantic Martin Murray of the "sad, bad, mad, glad Villon." Some compare it to Marie Bashkirtseff's "Journal." Mr. Arthur Melroy, a stiff Scott, thinks the

authoress "ought to be spanked." Yet another eminent authority believes "there is no Mary MacLane." But the "National Magazine" (Boston) for July publishes a picture of the fair writer—and a very prepossessing young face it is. The "National" also prints some exceedingly clever verses about the book, by Frank Putnam, commencing thus:
From Butte, which is commonly mute,
Comes a cry of ecstatic pain;
From Butte—God preserve us!—from Butte,
Given over to guzzling and gain.
Like the sobbing night winds that dis-
pute
In a minor that saddens the rain;
Like a heart-break blown into a flute.
Is the story of Mary MacLane.

Ponderous Marvels.

Elephants Who Dance and Drill Perfectly.

Elephants are so strong and so sagacious that it seems as if nothing were impossible to them. The wonderful performances by the four herds of elephants of the Adam Forepaugh and Sells Brothers Enormous Shows United calls this fact to mind. They dance, form pyramids of all sorts, walk on rolling barrels, walk a tight rope, stand on their heads and do all sorts of things. Among the easiest tricks to teach them is to stand upright on their "hind" legs. Every performing elephant does it, and it makes it seem almost incredible that there is only one elephant among all the trained animals in the world who can take a step on his two rear legs. And yet it is a fact. Their weight is so enormous and the strain of standing in that position is so great that the vast creatures seem afraid to trust themselves to stand on one leg long enough to extend the other one and thus make the step. With the Adam Forepaugh and Sells Brothers Shows is the one exception. He not only can take one step, but he can take one hundred steps if he is asked to. He is about three quarters grown and is called Mitey. His walk upon two legs is one of the features of the marvelous exhibition of pachydermic training to be seen with these great consolidated shows.

A City Smile.



Country Kid—That's the best cow we've got.

City Kid—Why don't you get his handle-bars straightened?—Drawn by D. H. Souther for the Sydney "Bulletin."

Love.

What Love is man may guess,
But woman knows.
To him it is the full-blown rose,
To her it is the bud in bloom,
Which never is complete,
Yet sweet
And fresh and fair,
With promise of new beauties
Day by day;
The breath of May
In it always;
And the years,
Although sometimes they bring
The shadows and the tears,
Are always Spring.

The Palmist and the Pope.

THE diary of M. Desbarrolles, the clever palmist who for years traveled about Europe enlightening sovereigns and manner mortals on their various aptitudes, contains curious details about an interview he had with Leo XIII., who, strange to say, is inclined to believe in palmistry.
Desbarrolles begins by discussing the hands of the Holy Father: "Poor, bloodless little hands," he says, "emerging from white silk mittens which were evidently too tight for them. They are not fat and comfortable, like those of most of the church dignitaries who surround him; not hard and wiry as were said to be those of Sextus V., who was a worker and carved many of the chairs arranged against the walls of the ante-chambers in the Vatican; not energetic-looking, like those of the soldier-Pope Julius II., or bloated and swollen, like the hands of apoplectic and hydropic Pius IX.; they are like two tiny ivory jewels, colder than the big sapphire surrounded with brilliant which he offers to the lips of his adorers. These hands, the touch of which is weird and almost unearthly, never answer by a pressure, so slight, to that of a friend, but are full of reserve and never responsive. The lines which are in them are not so numerous as one would have expected, because there is only one set of them, those which correspond to the brain. There are none visible coming from the heart."
"Most likely a human and perhaps kind heart is beating under the Pope's red mantle, but he has always kept it under the mastery of a powerful mind—a mind decidedly inclined towards politics, too much so, in fact, for a holy prelate; and when I ventured to point out this trait of character I saw the lightless eyes of Leo XIII. blink and become as cold as those of a serpent; he was not pleased, and showed it by quickly withdrawing his hand from mine. I did not see avarice in the hand of Leo XIII. though he is said to be somewhat parsimonious; but he is at once a close reckoner and a strangely careless man about money matters."
"One knows, for instance, his almost ludicrous adventure with Monsignor Folchi, his ex-treasurer. An enormous sum of money, which had been sent in a bag of crimson velvet by the Roman Catholic people of New York, was nowhere to be found, and the wretched cardinal, much distressed by the anger of His

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The Minority

By Frederick Trevor Hill.

"The live work of a live man. The contest for control fought out in the Director's meat and bone less savage because no blows are struck, is magnificently handled."—N.Y. Times.

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The Minority

"A splendid novel, whose love story is painted with a delicacy of touch and beauty of style only too infrequent in fiction."—Nash, American.

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The Copp, Clark Co.
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Holiness, was sent about in the Vatican, and even to the police, with strict orders to trace the lost treasure. When he came back to the palace in a state of great distress—for his errand had been fruitless—he found the Pope blandly smiling. "I must apologize," he said, quietly. "You were scarcely gone when I remembered that I had placed the bag in this little recess."
"The hand of Your Holiness is often full," Desbarrolles said. "And Your Holiness knows exactly what is in it." On which the prelate, with a sort of childish gesture, laughed softly, rubbing his knee with his left hand.
"I saw on the hands of the Pope," Desbarrolles continues, "the gift of a wonderful memory, and also the love of all that is gorgeous and imposing. When I told him so, he answered, naively, 'Are not our beautiful ceremonies the best vehicle for bringing people into our churches, the women especially?'"
"Besides these lines, I saw all those which are visible on the hands of painters, architects, poets, and even engineers. No wonder that one sees installed in the palace all the modern inventions, and that the first thing Leo XIII. did when he came to live in the Vatican was to put into corners, as mere ornaments, the wick lamps used by Pius IX. Gas was installed at once, but a few years ago this was discarded, and electric light is now shining all over the palace. Leo XIII. has a hydraulic lift to carry him up to his tower in the gardens, and a cardinal related to me how His Holiness spent a whole day talking and listening at the new telephone which he had installed between his summer residence and the palace."
After Desbarrolles had told him all that he read in his hand, he heard His Holiness mumble between his teeth, "A Jack-of-all-trades, then?"
"Who would have become a master in each of them," courteously answered the palmist.
The Pope sighed. "Better be the Father of all men, M. Desbarrolles," he said; "at least," he corrected, "if you see in my hand that I am worthy of my mission!"

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VOL. 15. TORONTO, JULY 5, 1902. NO. 34.

"Saturday Night" Readers.

Before leaving the city for the summer do not forget to have your address changed at this office or by your newsdealer. No postage will require to be paid except to foreign countries. Anywhere on this continent, \$2.00 per year. When going to the quiet of the country, "Saturday Night" will make life quite bearable. It rounds off the week.



Mr. Mansfield as a "Showman."

A CERTAIN famous showman, who was also a shrewd judge of human nature, declared that people like to be humbugged. Had the shade of the late lamented Mr. Barnum been in the neighborhood of Toronto on Tuesday evening, he or it, might have found striking and perhaps gratifying substantiation of the broad assertion, Mr. Richard Mansfield, one of the legitimate successors of the immortal Phineas T., not alone as a showman but also as philosopher, was in town that evening and had pitched his tent, as it were, at the Princess Theater. Mr. Mansfield, like the erstwhile manager of menageries, is an exponent of the great doctrine of humbug, and the way the people of this good town to the number of fifteen or sixteen hundred tumbled over each other for the privilege of buying tickets at a dollar to two-fifty per head for his great three-ring performance was ample exemplification of the truth of the sage if cynical principle upon which so many great showmen, from Barnum to Mansfield, have based their success.

He would be rash who should deny that Mr. Richard Mansfield is a purveyor of splendid spectacles or that personally he cuts a pretty figure on the stage. That he has talents all his own, as both manager and actor, is beyond dispute. And amongst these talents must be reckoned the ability to gull the dear public as cheerfully and urbanely as they should expect or desire. Mr. Mansfield is indeed a consummate actor, and not the least entertaining application of his art is that which, it is to be feared, a good many of his admirers are sweetly unconscious of; but to one who sits back and sees the whole show, the sport which Richard gets out of the theater-goers is quite as diverting as the sport the theater-goers get out of Richard.

Mr. Mansfield's summer tour has become an institution in the theatrical world—as much of an institution, in fact, as was Mr. Barnum's white elephant or his woolly horse. Some time in June or July, when other members of "the" profession are either hitting the turnpike or living like nabobs at the summer resorts, Mr. Mansfield is due to arrive. The papers announce his coming. It is always by special caravan that he and his retinue of trained animals—beg pardon, actors—journey from town to town. And somehow this fact invariably gets into the papers. No ordinary accommodation trains or plebeian way-freights for Mr. Mansfield and his glittering galaxy of satellites! It is "7 Special Cars 7" drawn by "2 Locomotives 2" and the public are urged to note that Mr. Mansfield's support numbers "40 People 40," and will make a stand of one night only—positively no 4th power. The result aimed at is almost invariably attained. Never was there a more striking example of a man's being taken at his own valuation. People have got it into their heads that Mr. Richard Mansfield must be worth seeing because he is a sort of Maharajah of the theatrical business, travelling in lavish state, coming and going with the irregularity and splendor of a comet, and like a comet, visible only at long intervals and for a few brief hours at a time. And they are willing to pay preposterous prices for a glimpse of this very much-in-earnest gentleman who takes himself so seriously that he has not time to be as other actors are.

Think of the Princess Theater being packed on a warm night in July by pre-umbly sensible, sane persons, who had paid anywhere from a dollar to two dollars and a half for the boon of seeing and hearing an actor who, however facile and versatile, is not without his peers on the American stage. No other Thespian in this country would dare to ask the prices Mr. Mansfield coolly demands, or would venture to put cities of two hundred or three hundred thousand inhabitants in the category of one-night stands. Where do so many people get so much money to burn, and what do they believe they are getting as value received? "Beaucaire," Mr. Mansfield's offering on this season's triumphal tour, is a pretty but dull enough comedy in five acts by Booth Tarkington and Evelyn Greenleaf Sutherland. It takes us back to the stately days of George II. and Louis XV. and introduces us to the famous "set" of Beau Nash. There are many beautiful costumes and much fine scenery. There are gilded chairs, mahogany cabinets, velvet curtains, and silken hose galore. There is a dash of fighting, a spile of love-making, a pretty play of polite conversation. And what is it all about? The whole subject matter—the hide, bones, and meat of the story—is that the Duc d'Orleans, fleeing from France to England to escape arrest at his cousin the King's instance, adopts the disguise of a barber in the Marquis de Mirepoix's suite, in order to facilitate his passage, and being unable or unwilling to clear up his identity, is properly enough suspected, shunned and snubbed by the high society into which he has forced an entrance in England. Finally, of a curse, when the situation has become sufficiently desperate, he proves himself to be of the blood royal of France and



Canadian Scenes.—III. Bridges and Reversible Falls at St. John, N.B.

English society is promptly ready to grovel at the feet of the man it had tabooed. There is a saccharine but engaging love story running through the play—the mutual attachment of the barber-duc and an English peeress, who proves loyal to him through evil and good report. This is the thread on which are strung the adventures of the mysterious refugee. Mr. Mansfield's part contains a great many pretty and a few stirring lines. He makes, as he always has made, an engaging and natural figure, whether as Beaucaire the gambler or the fictitious Duc de Chateaubriand, or the veritable Duc d'Orleans. His clothes fit him to perfection. His poses are picturesque, his gestures graceful. His voice thrills pleasantly in the right place. But when all is said and done, what in the name of all that is Art is there in the story to justify its being spread thinly through five mortal acts? A score of better plays have been produced here to small and lukewarm audiences during the past six or eight months. How does Mr. Mansfield propose to give any intelligent man or woman an honest two-dollars-and-a-half's worth of entertainment with such flimsy jim-crack stuff as makes up the bulk of "Beaucaire"? What is the calm after-judgment of the vast majority of those who sat heroically in the Princess Theater on Tuesday evening, till they felt as cramped and cabined as the Man in the Well? Do they now think they got their money's worth? Or do they inwardly acknowledge that they belong to that numerous company upon whose love of humbug the Barnums of the entertainment business ever cunningly contrive to play? LANCE.

Outdoor Pastimes.

WITH the return of something like reasonable summer weather aquatic sports may be expected to boom. From the small boy in airy and decidedly unconventional costume infests every few yards of waterfront in his efforts to locate the best "swimmin' place," to the yachtsman whose more expensive amusement is perhaps not any more satisfying, water sports are showing an awakening that promises to add much to the resources of Toronto in the way of amusements during the hot summer days. Notwithstanding the fact that the wind last Saturday afternoon was of a very mild type, a very interesting race was sailed in the contest for the handsome brass cannon donated by the "Mail and Empire" to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. Invader won on points, scoring 82 to Merrymouth's 30. Dominion Day sailing events pulled off by the Queen City Yacht Club induced a formidable fleet to come down from Hamilton, but notwithstanding this the Frank E. Walker cup was won by A. J. Phillips' skiff, "Whitecap," and the "Cakewalk" cup by "Zip," owned by Norman Gooderham. The Dominion Day regatta, which included both rowing and canoe events, owing to the ideal weather was a great success. The Toronto Canoe Club representatives at the Carleton Place regatta did not show up to advantage, but the water is said to have been so extremely rough as to make the contests very unsatisfactory.

In lacrosse, the hot games of both the Senior C.L.A. and the N.A.L.U. series are doing much to restore something of the old-time enthusiasm for good exhibitions of the national game. The result of the game at the Island last Saturday, in which the Tecumshs beat Brantford 4 to 3, while somewhat of a surprise, perhaps illustrated as much as anything the very considerable advantage which the team has which is playing on its own grounds. In the game at Brantford on Dominion Day the tables were turned with a vengeance, Brantford winning by 13 goals to 4. At Cornwall the home team won by only a narrow margin from the Nationals, so that the factory town bunch can hardly hope to contest the leadership with such fast teams as the Capitals and Shamrocks. Whether or not Toronto's speed is sufficient to entitle them to discard their English reputation for a better one does not yet appear, for, as predicted, the Montrealers in the game at the Island on Tuesday did not give them enough real work to entitle them to a rub-down at the finish. The Shamrocks had evidently little difficulty in retaining the Minto Cup, and it is hardly conceivable that a team from the far West like the New Westminsters should prove very formidable to the fast Easterners who have all the advantages which frequent contests with teams nearly, if not quite, as fast as themselves, can give.

It is next to impossible to overlook the remarkable success of the Toronto Ball Club lately. Up to the middle of the week they stood nearly one hundred per cent. ahead of their nearest competitor, and celebrated Dominion Day in real patriotic fashion by winning two close games from Worcester.

Persistent reports from the Thames confirm the impression held pretty generally by Toronto sportsmen that the chances of both the Arzonians for the Grand Challenge Cup and of L. u. Scholes for the Diamond Sculls are good. If the city's representatives at Henley make good, the long list of its welcome to returning conquering heroes will be lengthened by a demonstration that should not come far short of the most elaborate of days gone by.

Both lawn bowling and cricket contributed their share to the amusements of the holiday, and in the former sport the Canada Club was a winner in three different events. The Thistles were beaten by 25 shots, the Caer-Howells by 36 and Weston by 22. Although lawn bowling in Canada has not yet attained the proportions of "a game to cheer for," it, like curling, is gaining converts each season who declare that it is the only game. In cricket, on the grounds of the St. Alban's Club, a picked college team won from St. Alban's by 8 wickets and 3 runs. Gordon-Mackay in a game at Chatham won from the home team by a score of 103 to 36.

Clues to Family History.

THERE is scarcely a surname which is not in a way an index to family history. The original bearer of the name of Jennings was in all probability a joiner; the first Thwaytes, a woodfeller; and the primeval Leech, a surgeon. The Marshalls of to-day were originally smiths; the Websters are descended in a paternal line from a weaver; the Fullers and Walkers from a cloth-feller; and the Barkers from a tanner. In days when surnames were unknown, and Christian names no longer served to distinguish one John or William from several others in the same town or village who bore the same name, nothing could be more natural than to label them with their different trades or professions. Thus we find in early records mention of John the tailor, the neighbor John, the Carter, the Chapman, or the Cowper, whose descendants thus derive their names of Taylor, Carter, Chapman, and Cooper from the trade label which first served to distinguish their ancestor from his fellow townsmen. A surname is often a very useful clue to the country from which a family originally sprang. The original Gascoignes no doubt came from Gascony, the Britons and Bretts from Brittany, the Scotts from Scotland, and the Germans from Normandy. Many of our modern surnames are evolved from the Christian names of remote ancestors. The descendants of ancestors called William, for example, may be known to-day under a score of different surnames, ranging from Williamson to Wilkes and from Tillotson to Tilly. Thomas is responsible for at least ten familiar surnames, including Tompkins and Thelmin; and Henry, for the unlucky number of thirteen, among which are such strangely dissimilar names as Hawkins, Halket and Harris. Snooks comes from Sevenoaks.

Many names are derived from the physical peculiarities of the remote ancestors who first bore them. The first Russell and Reed were as ruddy as their names imply; and similarly we get such descriptive names as Long and Short, Stout and Thynne, Whitehead and Redhead, Lightfoot and Heavy-side. The original Crump was probably a crooked man. Snell and Fleet were active and swift; while from moral qualities or defects we get such names as Coward and Blythe, Meek and Wilde, Merry and Terry (or tearful). The terminal "s" in some names is only an abbreviation for "son." The first John Phillips was John the son of Philip; and the original Reynolds was son of a man whose Christian name was Reynold. It must not be concluded that a surname is always to be interpreted quite literally, and that the ancestors of a "King" or a "Lord" were actually of royal or noble rank. It is more probable that they had filled these exalted roles in the Old World mystery plays, or had been "lords" and "kings" at popular sports and festivals. Some surnames have been unkindly treated by time, such as Death, which in its original form was De Ath and Deville, which looks much more attractive as De Ville; and in some cases the change brought by the centuries is so great that the original name cannot be recognized in its corrupt modern form. Who, for instance, would see the connection between Knevett and Duvenet, Dabsco and Damprecourt, Troublefield and Tuberville, or between Mung y and Muntjoy? And yet the names are identical in origin.

The Bear and the Prospector.

THE most magnificent exhibition of nerve I ever knew or heard of was that of an old fellow named Michael, whom I came across once during my wanderings in the Rocky Mountains," said a former gold-mine superintendent to the writer the other day. "This man was one of a small group of prospectors and miners who composed a camp near where I settled for a while in the later seventies. They had prepared themselves for continuing work in the winter by building rough cabins and a stockade, and herding in the latter, with a few sheds for shelter, a number of young cattle, which could be slaughtered from time to time for fresh meat.

About midwinter they became very much troubled by nocturnal visits from a bear, which carried off two or three of the fattest calves before they picked up spirit enough to go out and hunt down the marauder. One day, however, they organized a shooting expedition. The snow was soft enough to receive a bear's footprints very clearly; this trail in due course led them to a cave in the woods, before which they drew up, and in order to lure Bruin out they discharged a volley into the opening. A huge she-grizzly responded promptly, and made for the party without a sign of fear. They opened fire, but not a shot took effect, and when they discovered this they fled, panic-stricken, into the thick brush. Michael stubbed his toe and fell, and the bear was upon him, with her jaws wide open.

"Did he say his prayers and resign himself to his fate? Not he! On the contrary, a plan flashed like lightning through his mind, and he thrust his right hand into the bear's mouth, as far down as it would go. He had hoped to strangle her, but she was too quick. Her huge teeth closed together, and were soon crunching the dainty member, on which she chewed and sucked till she had eaten it off nearly to the shoulder. Faint? Not a bit; he had too much to think of. When there was nothing but a couple of inches of arm left he thrust his right foot into the same ravenous maw and watched it go. All the while, of course, he was shouting lustily to his companions.

"Well, two or three of them, when their first terror had passed, were ashamed of themselves, and hearing his cries, crept back to see what was the matter. The bear was so busy, and her ears were so filled with the racket Michael was making, that she did not notice them. They screwed up their courage this time, took sure aim, and let her have it from all their muzzles at once. That finished her, and then Michael found time to faint.

"When I knew Michael he was perfectly happy and good-natured, but had to walk about with the aid of a queer mechanism of his own invention strapped to his right side, serving the purpose of a leg and crutch in combination. I asked him once what thoughts passed through his mind while the bear was devouring his extremities.

"At first," he answered, "when she fell to work at my

right arm, I was most full of the idea of gittin' the other fellers back. When I found they warn't comin', I give myself up to thinkin' what I'd let her eat next. Then, when she was chewin' on my right leg, I suddenly says to myself: 'What a t'arnal fool you be! Why didn't you give her the left leg instead? Now, darn you, you'll be lopsided all your life!'"

Has Poetry Had Its Day?

AN eminent French critic recently advanced the contention that poetry has had its day. The need for poetry, he maintained, like the need for mythical religions, no longer exists in the world of Western civilization; therefore there will be no more great poets and great poetry, only poetasters and metric drivel. Prose has come into possession of its full potential abilities, and is now and will be henceforth capable of expressing the whole gamut of human thought and emotion. We cannot agree with the eminent critic; his temperament, we must believe, is fundamentally unpoetic; he is not "moved by a concord of sweet sounds" (though he need not necessarily be "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils" on that account); his emotion is not intense enough to beat into rhythm and to require rhythm for its utterance. He is probably deluded into the belief, also, that because his country has produced no new poetic light of any magnitude for a number of years, it will never again see a Hugo or a de Musset. But if he would look back over the ages, he would see what long stretches of time have often separated great poets from their successors, not only in his own, but in every country. Indeed, all the centuries have given the world but a few really great poets, poets of the breed of Homer and Shakespeare and Goethe and Tennyson. It would not be surprising, therefore, if our generation failed to bring one forth; but other generations surely will, and the great ones that are to be will find new themes and see and feel the old ones in new ways, and surely they will need the imagery and music and license of poetic forms adequately to communicate to others the splendor and intensity of their inspirations. Prose cannot perform the functions of the highest poetry—not even such wonderful prose as the best French—any more than a horse-of-all-work can fulfil the duties of a thoroughbred racer. What prose could ever convey and conserve, for instance, the thought and emotion of Grey's "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard"? And shall there be no more men like Grey and no more themes like the country church-yard? English prose, with its inherent reserve and its imposed limitations on intensity and on the fanciful play of color and images, could less easily than French dispense with poetry and do the whole work of literature by itself. No; as long as the world goes round, as the song says, there will be poetry and the need of poetry, just as there will be sunlight and young life and music and love.

Their First Ice-Cream.

EVEN hundred immigrants were spending on Ellis Island their first Sunday in the New World, and through somebody's kindness ice cream had been added to the bill of fare. This was a novelty to most of the immigrants—so great a novelty, indeed, as to amount to a puzzle. The New York "Times" reports some of the comments which it called forth.

"Sure, an' there's frost in th' milk," said an Irish girl, when the first cold spoonful had surprised her throat.

"Milk, did ye say?" said a North of Ireland lad. "Ah, but it's more like swatened snow, it is!"

"An' how did they kape it from meltin'?" inquired another.

Some Italian immigrants did not take as kindly to it, and tried to make the attendant understand that they would like to have it warmed.

"Oh, what stuff this would be to cruise with in hot weather!" exclaimed an English fisherman, smacking his lips.

An Embarrassing Kindness.

THERE is one young woman in Philadelphia, declares the "Inquirer," whose benevolent disposition received a severe shock recently. She was at church and sat directly behind a tall, well-dressed stranger, who had a raveling hanging over his collar.

Being one of those generous-hearted, whole-souled girls who grow up to be motherly old ladies, a friend to everybody in town, she thought how glad she would be if some kind-hearted girl would do as much for her father, if he were to go to church with a raveling hanging down his back; so when the congregation rose for the first hymn she decided to pick it off.

Carefully raising her hand, she gave a little twitch, but the raveling was longer than she supposed, and a foot or more of thread appeared.

Setting her teeth she gave a pull, and about a yard more of that horrible thread appeared.

This was getting embarrassing, but, still determined, she gave another yank, and then discovered she was unraveling the man's undershirt.

Her discomfort was evident when the gentleman turned with a kindly and inquiring look to see what was tickling his neck.

Editorial Ambiguity.

There had been a High school entertainment in the town hall, in which the graduating class had participated, with the assistance of the best local talent of which Boomville boasted. It was a great success. The editor of the "Bazon" gave a glowing account of the affair, winding up as follows: "Mr. Hiram Huffercamp, the well-known elocutionist, who was to have read a number of selections from his own writings, was sick and unable to be present. A very delightful evening was spent."



A BEAUTY STEELE RECEPTION.

Less fortunate brother of the pen to Sir Gilbert Parker—Hello, Gilbert, old boy, how are you?

Sir Gilbert—I beg your pardon, have I been introduced to you?

The Montmorenci Election.

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

Author of "Jolanie Courteau and other Poems," "The Habitant and other French-Canadian Poems."

"WALL! I dunno 'bout tolin' you dat story, for I don't tink it's a good wan, an' de young man wat's mak' dat funny beez-ness, dey're very bad man, but if I don't tole you, I s'pose you go off mad, an' of course dat's not pleasan' t'ing, so hooraw!

Dere was beeg 'lection on County of Montmorenci some year ago, an' crowd come on de church door ev'ry Sunday morning for learn all 'bout how de habitant mus' mak' hees vote on de las' day, but long before dat, dem feller on Kebec dey want to know if de habitant on our place was goin' to vote for de Rouge, dat's de Laurier man, or for de Bleu, dat's de Toppur (Tupper) Conservateur. An' it's not easy job fin' out, for de habitant he's poor man, an' don't lak' tole ev'rybody ju' how he vote. So after some talk on de meeting dat's call for want to know 'bout dem habitant, dere was young feller he's nam' Ducharme (maudite! he's a bad young man) stan' up on de meeting an' say, "Look at me—here I am, an' I bet you I can go on dat Montmorenci—yass, sir, an' on two t'ree week I'm back on Kebec wit' a' de news 'bout dem habitant on de con-tree, w'at dey say, w'at dey tink, an' how dey vote—an' if you want tak' up dat bet, now's your tam, yass, sir." Den some de wise ole man was on de meeting, get up an' say, "Young feller, we got plaintee experience on dat beez-ness for many year, an' we know dis: w'en de stranger go roun' 'noug de habitant an' say he's Laurier, de habitant say 'Dat's me too, an' w'en he say 'I'm for de Bleu' de habitant say he's Bleu also—oh, yass, de peop' on de con-tree was very polite, tak' off de hat an' so on, an' always say 'oui, oui, non, non,' jus' sam' lak' de stranger man, an' you tink dey're all right, but wait t'il she come 'lection day. Oho! dat's diffren' t'ing. So young man, wat you goin' to do fin' out how de cat jump on de fence?"

An' de young man say, "Very quick I tole you how de cat jump on de fence. But dere's no use goin' dere wit' new spring suit, lak' man from Unite' State—I feex up lak' de beggar-man on church door roun' de corner—I get w'at you call de crutch too, wit' de rheumatez an' some bad cole on de lung, den I will travel for ma heal' on Montmorenci—after dat you will see me on de meeting speciale extraordinaire, wit' full report on de politique of Montmorenci—dat's w'at I do, an' ma frien' Alphonse Beauchemin, was study lak' sam' place wit' me, he will come too, an' we will be de first prize b'gar-man double team on de con-tree."

So all de wise ole man say, "Dat's purty smart t'ing, we never tink of dat, you're goin' to be a great lawyer, sure."

Wall, off dey go, dem bad young men along de road, an' bimeby pass on de County of Montmorenci. If dere's wan place on Canadaw w'ere de poor hungry man stan' good chance for sometin' to eat, dat's w'ere I leev', on Montmorenci, an' well dem young feller know dat. So w'en dey see nice house of riche habitant on de roadside an' it's 'bout tam' for milk de cow on de evening, Ducharme say, "Alphonse, I go dere first, me, an' you can sit on de fence leetle wile for geev' me chance get all right wit' de ole man, den bimeby you can pass on de sam' place, an' we will have good talk 'bout de 'lection."

"All right," so Ducharme he come along, can hardly walk a' all, an' rap on de door wit' his stick. "Hello, who's dere?" "It's me, poor man from Riviere du Loup, been sick all winter on de hos-peet-lak' Kebec, an' doctor say he can't cure me no more, so out I go. Mebbe you got leetle sometin' for eat an' place on de barn for sleep to-night, an' I pray for you all I can, garantee."

An' de habitant say, "Come in, come in," an' tole hees wife bring some black bread sirop d'erable (maple syrup), new milk an' fresh onion (dat's good for bad cole on de lung), an' hooraw! it's bully tam for dat maudit Ducharme! Den after wile, bimeby, dere's 'noder rap on de door, an' in come Alphonse l'autre maudit cochon! an' de ole habitant say, "W'at's dat? some more beggar-man from Riviere du Loup?"

An' down he sit lak' hees frien' Ducharme an' have de good tam' also, an' bimeby dem feller an' talk, an' smoko, lak' dey never meet before, an' purty soon Ducharme begin to sing an' de ole habitant an' hees wife Azilda, dey sit dere lak' two fool, an' laugh an' cry an' hol' each oder's han' in de sam' w'en dey're boy an' girl togeder. Oh dat Ducharme he have no heart at all, he mak' de good lawyer sure. Wall! by de tam' de lamp's lit ev'ryting 's gon' first class, an' mebbe ten twelve de neighbor come in for hear de story, an' lissen de song, an' after wile Ducharme commence talk de politique wit' Alphonse—Oho! dat's w'en de fun begin. Ducharme he say, "Toppur was de mos' bes' man for de con-tree, cos w'y, he wear de ole blue over-coat of John A. MacDonald," an' Alphonse he say, "Non, non, Laurier was de mos' bes' man, he's Canayen emmounous autres (like ourselves); 'sides dat he tak' de job run de gouvernement for t'ousan' dollar a year. So w'at you tink of dat?"

An' Ducharme he say, "W'at I tink of dat? I tole you purty quick. Dat's true Toppur he ax twelve hunder dollar, but he only kip t'ousan' dollar heeself, an' pay de res' on hees boy, so you get two smart mea work hard for twelve hunder dollar an' I tink dat's better trade dan t'ousan' dollar only wan man. 'Sides dat, all de pries an' de wise ole habitant, dey vote for Toppur an' hees boy, an' I tink dey ought to know sometin' 'bout de bes' kin' of politique for de con-tree." But dat's good chance for Alphonse, an' he say, "I don't care—w'en I was habitant meeself on Chateaugay, I mak' wan mistake on de farm, an' dat's de reason I'm poor man an' walk de road to-day, an' gad for sleep on de barn to-night. I don't kip nothin' but de ole blood on ma place—never no new blood on de live stock—I see it now, but she's too late, so I say dis: w'at's bad for de farm is bad for Canadaw—an' w'at's good for de farm is good for Canadaw. So if you excuse me, I say we mus' have new blood on de Gouvernement, an' Laurier arrange for all dat an' only t'ing I'm sorry for now, I got no vote—me—an' can't mak' de cross for de new blood."

Mon Dieu! dat's mak' Ducharme mad, an' he say, "We'll tak' de vote on dis house, dat's bes' way." So some vote roun' for Laurier, an' some vote bleu for Toppur an' hees boy, but Laurier he have de majorite on dat place. Ducharme putten' he's very sorry, but he say, "We're all good frien' togeder, an' dert's no use mak' de row," so he sing de leetle song some more, an' ev'rybody go home on hees bed noche please wit' de beggar-man. Wall, sir! two weeks dey work lak' dat, an' all de news dey hear down she go on de book; but bes' place on de whole con-tree, an' dat's w'at I don't lak' talk 'bout, is Ste. Anne de Beaupre were dere's beeg crowd come on de church for get cure ev'ry t'ing. Dat's w'en dey're busy, dem bad young men! Walk roun', sing outside dey're get plaintee money, hear all 'bout how de peop' was goin' vote on de 'lection—an' mak' frien' wit' ev'rybody. So wan night Ducharme he say, "Alphonse, I tink we get all de news we want, an' if I don't come off dat crutch purty soon, I can't walk at all. To-morrow morning I see good chance get away from dem ole stick, an' den hooraw for Kebec."

"How do you do dat?" Alphonse is ax, "ev'ry wan know you're lame man an' if you're lame man to-day, an' jump roun' lak' spring lamb los' on de lash to-morrow, look out for row on de camp sure, beeg row too."

"Wall! w'd I! Alphonse, I alway s'pose you're smart boy an' mak' de good lawyer, but now I see you're sapree fou. You watch me on de morning, dat's all." So very nex' day w'at you tink he do, dat cochon Ducharme? He pass wit' de grande procession right on de church—yass, sir, an' after leetle wile w'en it's come good chance, he holle out, "I'm cure, I'm cure." So of course all hees frien' come quick, an' feel heem here, an' feel heem dere, an' feel heem all de place, an' sure enough Ducharme he stan' up straight lak' sojer man w'en he's off for de war—

"Hooraw! tak' heem out on de fresh air." "No, sir-ee! you don't tak' me no fresh air, not before I lef behin' dis poor ole crutch was carry me so long." An' down he t'row hees crutch on de floor. Wall, sir! after dis you can bet Ducharme he's de mos' populaire young man on Montmorenci, don't care he never sing, an' tole de story no more—an' dere was two t'ree peop', smart man, too, want to run heem for de politique, but no use, he's boun' for go on hees



Goldwin Smith.



Ollie Howland.



Georgie Foster.



Beattie Nesbitt.



Billy Maclean.



Armstrong Black.

"THE BABIES IN OUR BLOCK."

(Some of Toronto's prominent citizens in infancy.)

place near Riviere du Loup, an' work on de farm, now he's cure on de lame leg, de bad lung, an' de rheumatez. Wat's happen after dat? Jus' wait a minute—Ducharme w'en he's ready start for Kebec, say to hees frien'—"Alphonse, it's funny t'ing how I'm homesick for dat ole crutch I t'row away on de church, an' I mus' get it back before I lef de place, 'sides dat, I want to show it on ma Kebec frien', an' dey won't b'lieve me." Alphonse say, "You tole me yesterday I'm sapree fou, now I tole you to-day you're de beeges' fool I never see—dat's not your crutch now—soon as you work de cure, dat crutch belong on de church, an' i you mak' troubl' 'bout leetle t'ing not wort' ten cent, look out for some more row on de camp." But Ducharme got de beeg swell head, an' won't lissen no advice, so nex' night w'en de moon's behin' de cloud, w'at you tink he do, dat wicked feller? He wait t'il de bedeau what you call de sexton, go sleep on de porch; den he sneak roun', open some winder, pass in side on de church, w'ere purty soon he fin' hees ole crutch, an' back he come on de winder once more—but I'm glad I arrive on dis part of de story, for dat's de tam de moon commence for shine, an' all de beeg dog, an' leetle log too, start off to bark, de bedeau on de porch wake up, an' dere's dat maudit Ducharme ready for jump off de winder wit' hees crutch was look lak' gun for kill somebody, an' w'en he see dat de bedeau began for holler an' yell, "Policeman, fireman, ev'rybody come quick, don't wait." So of course Ducharme get ketch right off, an' very nex' morning de judge place heem on de jail for six mont' cos he steal hees own crutch off de church. Yass, sir, an' it's good t'ing, too, bad man lak' dat, an' dat's how dem politique feller on Kebec know all 'bout de vote on de con-tree, but after dat, an' specially near 'lection tam, de poor beggar-man don't have such good tam on Montmorenci. No, sir!—Reprinted from "Everybody's Magazine" (July), John Wanamaker, publisher, Philadelphia.

Mary MacLane's Mother.

"The Story of Mary MacLane," it is interesting to learn, is by a Canadian girl, though a resident of Butte, Montana. She is a Winnipegger and went to Butte when she was five.)

MY maw she keeps a-bu-tin' f'm mornin' till th' night Cleanin' up an' gittin' order where th' things is jest a sight.

Chuckin' cobwebs f'm th' ceilin', throwin' carpets out th' door,

An' no matter how much work she does there's allus plenty more.

There's dad's collar t' be hunted, Charlie's buttons t' sew on,

An' her work keeps on a-growin' till she never gits it done.

An' on de sofa, loafin', is my great big sister Mary.

Who ain't performed a stroke o' work sence she turned literary!

My maw's the hardest worker that th' town has ever seen;

She works all day an' works all night an' hustles all between;

The way she keeps a-goin' is a mystery t' me.

But she does, an' jest as cheerful as a mother ought t' be.

Why, we never hear a cross word, even when she's nearly dead.

An' she sorter smiles when told that Mary's loafin' up in bed!

My maw's an awful hustler, but that lazy, loafin' Mary

Ain't got a live bone in her sence she's turned out literary!

It seems t' me things ain't divided right w'en maw mus' work

An' Mary lay a-snoozin' like a great big loafin' Turk;

It seems t' me that Mary ought t' tumble out o' bed

An' g't dishwashin' notions in her literary head!

But maw says it's all right, becu' w'en folks git struck that way

They don't seem fit fr' nothin' but t' loaf an' dream all day;

Yet I can't help a-thinkin' that th' world has got contrary.

An' Mary ought t' hustle an' let maw g't literary!

News of the Future.

M. R. J. CASTELL HOPKINS, in view of his omission from the Coronation honors list, has written a book on the "Downfall of the British Empire."

Mr. Richard Mansfield will do without any press agent in future. He will also do without his staff of valets.

At her wedding Miss Astorbiltfeller wore around her neck a priceless rope of nuggets of hard coal. The groom's gift was an enormously valuable sirloin steak.

A game of lacrosse was played at Toronto in which only one field took place. The crowd left the grounds in disgust.

Superintendent of Education Hughes has asked the permission of the School Board to go to Mimico to lecture. The Board finds itself without a precedent and cannot act.

The poet Sabine has been engaged as chief editorial writer of the "Mail and Empire." Things are already looking up in the "Mail" office as a result.

Too Much "Goo-Goo Eyes."

PRESIDENT W. R. HARPER of the Chicago University and the majority of the faculty have come to the conclusion that better university work can be accomplished by a separation of the sexes. Too much "goo-goo eyes," too much "billion and cooing," too much "squeezing and wooing" intermingling in the co-educational plan. The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, a minister in the neighborhood, threatens to enter court and demand an injunction to restrain President Harper and the faculty from separating the boys and girls. He says: "The action of the college faculty is an outrage against the progressiveness of the

twentieth century, and is an attempt to revive at this age of civilization the monastic life of the Middle Ages. It is the result of a sad reactionary tendency, which is bound to be sooner or later utterly overthrown. The faculty has been influenced in its action by the promise of \$1,500,000 on condition that it take such action. The tendencies to represent the man side of the college have simply overcome all ideas of right and wrong and of justice to the woman side. The arguments for two entirely non-co-educational institutions have weight, but it is ridiculous for a single college government to attempt to administer the affairs of a woman's university and a man's university at the same time." It is needless to say all the women oppose such an action. They are not backward in stating they prefer to be with the men students in all that co-education implies. Dr. Harper will leave it to a vote of the men students whether recitations and lectures shall be in mixed classes of men and women. It is said that a majority of the men oppose the presence of women in the classes.

Suggestions For a Popular Song.

(Submitted to composers of touching and sentimental airs.)

By a cottage neat,
So trim and sweet,
Stood, once upon a time,
A maiden fair.

With jet-black hair,
And never mind the rime;
A youth came nigh,
With loving eye.

And fondly did he greet her,
The youth, mind you, had
Walked eleven miles to see her,
And never mind the meter!

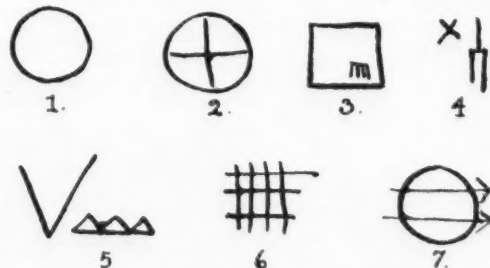
Chorus—

Pretty Maggie O'Rafferty,
Ever so tender and true,
Poor young Patsy McCafferty
Is having a fit about you;
He's coming, I ween, and likewise I trow,
To ask you, forsooth, to marry him now,
And I've gone and rined two of the lines, anyhow,
Pretty Ma-ag-gie O'Ra-af-erty!

—Harvard "Lampoon."

Sign Language of Tramps.

IT has often been asserted that tramps have a sign language of their own whereby they are able to convey to one another useful information as to the nature of the reception that may be expected to be received at any particular place. And now a writer on trampology claims to have been taken into the confidence of a professional hobo as to what the more common signs are and signify. Photographs of marked walls and gate-posts are reproduced in substantiation of the statements made. The signs have the merit of being easily drawn. They look like the meaningless scrawls of school children; but to the experienced Wary Willie they are invaluable. Some of the frequently used characters are herewith reproduced. Number one is a cipher or goose-egg and signifies "No good to call here." Number two is a rough representation of a pie, and conveys



the information that "the people here will give you food." Number three says that there is a dog inside the fence. The square represents the fence, and the rude four-legged character is the dog. This sign is also used as a strong note of caution. In number four may be seen the rough outline of a spade and a saw-horse. This sign is the accepted hieroglyph for "You will be asked to work," or "You can get a job here if you want one." The tramp always draws a triangle to represent a woman, doubtless in crude imitation of a skirt. Sign number five says that there are three women in the house, and the big V suggests that a hard-luck story will win their sympathy. The crossed lines in number six instantly suggest prison bars, and the meaning is that the occupant of the house is a constable or magi-strate, or that he gives tramps in charge as vagrants. Number seven is even more depressing in its intelligence. The arrows drawn straight through the circle signify that a quick passage through to some other locality will be good for the tramp's health. "Get out of this place as soon as you can; there is nothing but trouble for you here." It will be admitted that the signs, if simple, are ingenious, and also sufficiently comprehensive.

Disillusionment.

HE had been to the boarding school to pay a surprise visit to his daughter, his only child. He had parted from her, proud to be the parent of such a handsome maiden, pleased with the innocence of budding womanhood. The principal accompanied him to the door. "Madam," he said, with deep feeling, "I owe you much for the manner in which you have reared my child since she has been under your care. When I notice the contrast between that innocent maiden and some of the girls of her age, who have not had the advantage of such strict super-

vision, I feel that I have indeed done wisely in placing her in your charge."

"And how proud you must be," said the principal, glowing with satisfaction, "to be the father of so large and devoted a family."

"Large! devoted!" gasped the proud parent. "What do you mean?"

"Devoted to each other," said the principal. "No fewer than seven of Clara's brothers have been here during the last three weeks to take her out, and she is expecting another to-morrow."—"Tit-Bits."

A Reverend Joker.

THE Rev. Dr. Swallow, who was put on trial by his fellow Methodists of the United States for indiscreet expressions concerning the late President McKinley, is a bit of a joker in his way. He tells a story about the nom-de-plume "Gath," used by Mr. George Alfred Townsend.

"What does that name mean?" a young lady parishioner asked of Dr. Swallow.

"The letters are the author's initials, G. A. Townsend," answered the clergyman.

"But what does the 'H' stand for?" persisted the lady.

"That's where he's going to when he dies," said Dr. Swallow.

The lady was horrified, and asked timidly, "Is he really such a bad man as that?"

"Certainly not. You misapprehend me," answered Dr. Swallow. "The 'H' stands for Heaven."

The Deluge of Panamas.

In view of the deluge of genuine Panama hats which has flooded the country this summer, the Chicago "News" finds it difficult to believe that there should be time for revolutions or even the eating of meals in Panama. It is claimed that the climate of the tropics, particularly the kind of climate that can be found without looking for it on the Isthmus of Panama, unfits men for work; that it gives them an overpowering desire to lie back in a hammock and smoke cigarettes while they plan for three days' work for to-morrow to make up the difference. The "News" is inclined to believe that every man, woman, and child within one hundred and fifty miles of the Isthmus must work day and night and on legal holidays in order to supply the demand for hats. The world is crying for Panama hats, and the Central Americans appear to be fully equal to the occasion.

Kipling's Readiness.

When Mr. Kipling was last in the United States he dined with a party that included several other well-known writers, a fair proportion of men and women who knew something about literature, and a large number who knew little and made up their lack of knowledge with pretence. Several of the last described kind started a useless discussion concerning spelling, pronunciation, synonyms, anonyms, etc., and apropos of nothing at all that had been said, one, firing her remarks straight at Mr. Kipling as the lion of the occasion, declared:

"I find that 'sugar' and 'sumac' are the only words beginning with 'su' that are pronounced as though beginning with 'sh.'"

"Are you sure?" said Mr. Kipling, leaning forward with an expression of intense interest.

"Beware," said the fortune-teller, "of a tall, dark man."

"You are trying to black male me!" faltered the fair young maid.—Chicago "Tribune."



An Exponent of Canadianism.

'Twas the voice of the Sluggar; I heard him complain: "They have ruled me off once, but I'll do it again."

"Yes," said I, "and that is the trouble with Canada's national game.

When there's rough work the offender may be sent

to the fence, but he is almost invariably, before

long given the chance to 'do it again.' What

was the particular infraction for which you were

punished?"

"There wasn't no fracture," said the Sluggar. "It was

just a smash in the ribs, but you bet if I could have put the

finisshin' touches on it, it w'd have been a fracture, sure.

You see, it just happened this way. I had the ball—got it

good an' honest, too—an' was travelin' up field to pass it in

to our home when along comes a strange Johnny from be-

hind—not my check at all—an' takes it from me. The

crowd guys me and so a few minutes after, when there was

a scuffle for the ball and this same Johnny put in his hooks

again, I up an' let him have it in the ribs, good. Wasn't

that proper? The crowd just yelled when he dropped, and

the referee comes at me like a meat-axe an' says, s'ide, he

'You go to the fence for ten minutes for this.' But I don't

care. I'm a-layin' for that guy, an' next week when we

play the return match on our own grounds I'll give him

some pokes he'll remember. We'll have the crowd with us

then, an' that means a lot. I'd like to see Mr. Referee in-

teriere."

"Well, I think a player who deliberately strikes another

in any game sh'd be permanently disqualified there and

then." I said. "The man with fighting instincts and a bad

temper has no business to take part in any sport, for these

qualities are certain to get the upper hand in the first mo-

ment of excitement."

"Aw, g'wan," said the Sluggar. "What are you givin' us? Better preach that to fellers that play cricket and tennis and them other sissy games. It's not for lacrosse, Lacrosse is a man's game. That's why the crowd likes it. There's nothin' like a scrap or two to ginger up a match an' boost gate receipts. People can pretend they don't like to see the rough work, but they do. They just gloat over it. And the most popular players are them as uses a little physical argument when it comes to a tight pinch. Tell you what, Mr. Man, lacrosse is no ladies' school pastime. Lacrosse is a game for grown-up men that can take care of themselves. It's our glorious national game, an' a credit to Canada. Ever seen a real red hot game? No; well, come down next week an' keep your eye on me an' that Johnny. There'll be some fun, I promise you."

ASTERISK.

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Kensington, July 1 St. Louis, July 9
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Sailing Saturdays at noon.
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(Except Sunday)

On and after June 11th will leave Yonge Street

Dock (ast. side), at 7 a.m., 9 a.m., 11 a.m.,

2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m. for

Niagara, Queenston and Lewiston

connecting with New York Central and Hud-

son River R.R., Michigan Central R.R.,

Niagara Falls Park R.R. and Niagara

George R.R. JOHN F. O'NEILL, General Manager.

NIAGARA RIVER LINE

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A. F. WEBSTER'S

North-East Corner King and Yonge Streets

Assuming an Air of Popularity.

The New York Central has long been

acknowledged as superior to all com-

petitors, but it is assuming an air of

popularity at the present time for its

magnificent train service and fast

trains that somewhat astonishes its

best friends. Ask your ticket agent

about it.

Anecdotal.

The elder Sothorn was extremely sen-

sitive to interruption of any sort. Se-

ing a man in the act of leaving his box

during the delivery of one of the actor's

best speeches, he shouted out: "Hi, you

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The offender was equal to the occasion,

however. He turned to the actor and

answered, cheerfully: "Oh, yes—that's

why I am going!"

In response to a missionary's appeals

for various articles for use on an African

farm, a milking-stool was sent to him

from England. He gave it to the negro

whose duty it was to milk the cows,

with injunctions to use it. On the first

day the negro returned home from the

cow-sheds, bruised and battered, but

with an empty pail. When the mission-

ary asked for an explanation, the negro

replied: "Milk stool very nice, massa,

but she won't sit on it!"

A Columbus, Ohio, pastor called on

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"The Book Shop."

DAINTY LETTERS

The pretty "Book Shop" writing

papers are given a surface which

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by rolling the sheet between immense

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We should be pleased to exhibit

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the "Book Shop" during our "special

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WM. TYRRELL & CO.

8 KING ST. WEST.

the counselor who for years kept the New York bar laughing at his conscious and unconscious drolleries. One of the best is the following: Once Nolan was arguing a case in behalf of clients who were sailors, and while in the midst of an exhaustive display of lore on nautical matters, he was interrupted by the court. "How comes it, counselor, that you possess such a vast knowledge of the sea?" "Does your honor think," responded Nolan, "that I came over in a hulk?"

In a series of sketches, entitled "Lights and Shadows in a Hospital," Mrs. Tertton tells of a melancholy man, depressed with rheumatism, in her cottage hospital, whom she wanted to cheer by reading. Ordinary hospital literature was no good. At last, said the nurse: "I shall read him 'Three Men in a Boat,' and if that doesn't amuse him, I shall give him up as hopeless. So she read till finally a reluctant smile came over his face, and he said, with slow satisfaction: 'I do think they be three men 'uns.'" That was the turning point in his illness. He recovered completely, and left the hospital a bright and cheerful man.

At the time, now some years ago when subscriptions were being solicited for the erection of a statue in New York city to George Washington, a gentleman called on Russell Sage to secure a contribution. On learning the object of the visit, the rich man exclaimed: "Washington! Washington! Why, Washington does not need a statue. I keep him enshrined in my heart." In vain were the caller's solicitations, and he was naturally indignant at the parsimony of the multi-millionaire. "Well, Mr. Sage," he remarked, quietly, as he rose to leave, "all I can say is, that if the Father of his Country is in the position in which you describe him, he is in a tight place."

Quizzing a boy is not always so easy as it seems. The Cincinnati "Enquirer" gives an instance in which a business man in a message at a restaurant with a boy named Claude who looks after the hat-rack in a well-known restaurant.

Mr. Smith started out of the restaurant after enjoying his meal, and was seized, as Claude handed him his hat, with the impulse to quiz the lad.

"Is this my hat?" he asked.

"I don't know, sir," was the answer.

"Well, then, why do you hand it to me if you don't know whether it is my hat or not?" asked Mr. Smith, sharply.

"Because, it's the one you handed to me when you came in," answered Claude.

At the watch night of the Authors' Club on the occasion of the closing of the old and the opening of the new year last winter, the subject discussed was "Fame and Its Blunders." Each member received the privilege of explaining why he was not so famous as he should be, or why some other member was more famous than he. According to the "Bookman," the late Frank Stockton, when his turn came, said that he was quite satisfied. Referring to his long drudgery upon magazines and newspapers, and his final breaking loose into literature, he illustrated his point by reciting the following lines:

There was an old monk of Siberia,
Whose life it grew drearier and drearier,
Till he broke from his cell
With a hell of a yell.

And eloped with the Mother Superior,
Which lines are supposed to symbolize Mr. Stockton's breaking away from editorial toil.

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8 KING ST. WEST.

The Drinking Orchid.

A PLANT termed by English "Public Opinion" the most extraordinary ever discovered has been brought to light by the exertions of Mr. E. A. Suverkrop of Philadelphia, who during his trips to South America has been for some years contributing to the collection of his friend, Professor N. E. Brown, of the Herbarium, Kew Gardens, London. The wonderful plant which Mr. Suverkrop has now found is an orchid that takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty by letting down a tube into the water. When not in use the tube is coiled up on top of the plant.

One hot afternoon, says Mr. Suverkrop, I sat down under some brushwood at the side of a lagoon on the Rio de la Plata. Near at hand was a forest of dead trees which had been choked to death by orchids and climbing cacti. In front of me, stretching over the waters of the lagoon and about a foot above it, was a branch of one of these dead trees. Here and there clusters of common plants of green air grew on it, and a network of green cacti twined round it. Among the orchids I noted one different from the rest, the leaves, sharp lance-shaped, growing all round the root and radiating from it. From the center or axis of the plant hung a long, slender stem about one-eighth of an inch thick and one-fourth of an inch wide. The lower end of this was in the water to a depth of about four inches.

I went over at once to examine my discovery, and was surprised when I touched the plant to see the center-stem gradually contract and convulsively roll itself up in a spiral like a roll of tape. I found on examination that the stem was a long, slender, flat tube, open at the outer end, and connected at the inner end to the roots by a series of hairlike tubes.

By subsequent observation I found that when the plant was in need of water this tube would gradually unwind till it dipped into the water. Then it would slowly coil round and wind up, carrying with it the quantity of water that the part of the tube which had been immersed contained. When the final coil was made, the water was poured, as it were, directly into the roots of the plant. The coil remained in this position until the plant required more water. But should the plant be touched while the tube is extended, the orchid acts like the sensitive plant, and the coiling is more rapid.

I found many of these plants, all directly over the water, or over the place where he water had been. In the latter case it was almost pitiful to see how the tube would work its way over the ground in search of water that was not there.

A Clue That Failed.

Deductions in the manner of Sherlock Holmes do not always work out successfully. They did not in a case reported by the Washington "Post."

A group of reporters were talking together, and one of them, who liked to play the amateur detective, devoted part of his time to watching a man standing some distance away.

"That man used to be in the army," he said.

"How do you know?"

"See how he puts his hand into his trousers pockets. He lifts up the side of his coat—look! he's doing it now—in order of pushing the coat back as we do. He acquired the habit from wearing a fatigue coat in the army. A fatigue coat, you know, is cut square about the body. To put the hand in the trousers pocket, one must lift up the side."

Some discussion followed, with the result that one of the reporters volunteered to lay their speculations before the stranger. He proved to be a worthy real estate dealer. After listening to the reporter's explanation, he replied, with much amusement:

"I'll tell you why I put my hand in my pocket that way. I used to be a butcher in New York thirty years ago, and I got that habit raising my butcher's apron to make change."

He Knew What He Wanted.

The immigrant agent with Clancy in tow went to Harlem in search of work for the new arrival. They found a building contractor, says the New York "Tribune," who was overseeing the construction of a big skeleton of steel.

"What can the man do?" demanded the contractor.

"Anything in the line of unskilled labor," replied the agent, "and he is quick to learn."

The contractor turned to the applicant, and half-jokingly enquired, "Which one of those jobs would you like to have?"

The immigrant swept the field with a contemplative eye. "What's that man doing?" he demanded, pointing with one hand. "I mean he was sitting down—not the other way the sledge."

"He is holding the drill."

"Is that all he does?"

"Yes."

"Is he on the pay-roll?"

"Yes."

Clancy drew a long breath of satisfaction. "Give me that job."

High "Steaks."

In the great gambling hall there was breathless silence.

A poker game between two of the billionaires was in progress.

About their table were packed and jammed hundreds of curious, excited people, watching their play with astonishment.

"I'll bet you a porterhouse steak!" says one.

Murmurs of awe rise from the watchers.

Clear and stern comes the answer:

"I'll see that porterhouse steak and raise you two rib roasts, a pig's knuckle and a can of ox-tail soup."

Here the onlookers gasped.

One of them, indeed, muttered:

"It is such things as this that make anarchists."

But, pooh! What know the hot polloi of sport?—Baltimore "American."

The Proper Term.

Martha, the colored washerwoman, was complaining of her husband's health to one of her patrons. "He's ve'y pol'y, ma'am, ve'y pol'y. He's got dat exclaim-

atory rheumatism." "You mean inflammatory, Martha. Exclamatory is from exclaim, which means to cry out." "Yes, miss," answered Martha, with conviction, "dat's what it is. He hollers all de time."

The Missionary.

She couldn't sleep for thinking of The woes and wants of Timbuctoo; And India's need Made her heart bleed, And Syria's sorrows made her blue.

She wept and wailed for Ashantee, For Kord and Copt she was concerned; And Turkey, oh! And for Siam her bosom yearned.

She headed a subscription list To save the slanting-eyed Chinese; And for the Japs (You know 'em, perhaps) She spent the night upon her knees.

The festive Fiji Islanders Were subjects of a special prayer, And she did not Forget the lot The poor Australian Bushmen bear.

The frizzly-headed Papuans Had of her sympathy a slice, And the Bay of Bengal Must be reclaimed at any price.

The Patagonian Indian tribes Just fairly made her hold her breath, But while her breast Was so distressed, Her next-door neighbor starved to death.

—Deering's Farm Journal.

A Heroic Life.

With an Eye Single to the Good of Her Fellow Men She Toiled.

The story of Elizabeth H. Varney of Bloomfield, Ont., about thirty years in a service of self-sacrifice to the poor and needy ministered to their physical as well as spiritual wants.

Bloomfield, Ont., June 30.—(Special.)—Our community boasts of having within it one of the most devoted Christian women that ever toiled in the world's vineyard.

Owned and blessed by God, this self-sacrificing heroine and her husband, since deceased, spent many years of faithful pastoral work in different parts of the continent.

Elizabeth H. Varney, widow of the late Levi Varney is now 73 years of age, and is living in quiet retirement here. She is a member of the Society of the Old Orthodox Friends, and this simple, peace-loving society never had a more humble or more worthy member.

It is of her work among the Doukhobors in our own Canadian North-West that she loves most to speak and many and vivid are her recollections of this peculiar people.

One of the greatest difficulties this devoted woman had to contend with was disease among her poor people. But she had armed herself with a remedy that was as unfailing as her own charity—Dodd's Kidney Pills were the weapons she used to drive out sickness.

Some years before she had tried and proven the value of this great medicine in her own case when threatened with Dropsy and suffering with Rheumatism. They had completely restored her, and when she found that the prevailing trouble among the Doukhobor people was Kidney Disease and Dropsy she knew that Dodd's Kidney Pills would be her most valuable aid in her good work.

She tells of one poor young woman among this people who was suffering so severely with the Dropsy that she was terribly bloated all over and confined to her bed. The Lady Missionary left a few of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and immediately sent for three more boxes.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have received this worthy woman's most emphatic endorsement.

"My dear," said the careful mother to her sixteen-year-old daughter, "that is a book which I must absolutely forbid you to read." "That's all very well, mamma," replied the Twentieth-Century Girl, "but how am I to know what books to forbid my children to read unless I read them myself while I have the chance?" And she bore off the book in triumph to study it in the solitude of her own boudoir.

"And so you have a little baby at your house. Is it a boy or a girl?" asked a neighbor. "Mamma thinks it's a boy, but I believe it'll turn out a girl. It's always crying about nothing," answered the little boy—"Titt-B

Ping-Pong and Popular Fiction.

THE sensitive fibres of literature, which are so prompt to feel the harsh gales of adversity, are keenly alive to any change of temperature in the general mood, or the least clouding in the glass which threatens change. A few years ago, when the Sunday editions of the daily papers first distinguished themselves from the week-day issues by ceasing to be journalism, and began therefore to be widely accepted as literature, they suffered a sudden blight through the rise of bicycling into universal favor. This amusement, which the ingenuity of advertising established in the popular imagination as the highest, if not the only means to health, happiness, and virtue, prevailed with the wild fervor of a fad and the deep conviction of a cult. There were few things which the bicycle was supposed not to do, from the promotion of happy marriages to the wide diffusion of a taste for natural scenery, and the development of the sound body as the prime condition of a sound mind. It did not rot the beneficent ends without accomplishing some devastation in its course, which could have been as little foreseen as the direction the machine was apt to take in the hands of the individual beginner. It simply ruined the business of the livery-stables, which had formerly flourished on the natural desire of young people to spend their week-day evenings and their Sunday afternoons together; for the fellow no longer took the girl riding in a buggy, but invited her to a spin on her wheel beside his own. It emptied the churches to such an extent that, in many temples where the arrival of worshippers on wheels was at first regarded as a grave indecorum, it was made known that the bicycle would be equally welcomed with the family carriage, lest the temples should be deserted by all but the lame and halt. It decimated the attendants at the city bars, and built up wheelmen's rests and houses of refreshment by roadsides which had known no such resorts since the far-off days of stage-coaching. But above all it checked the sale of the Sunday editions in such the measure that the sworn circulation of some journals must have involved a perjury which the Muse is unwilling to contemplate. The gains of the inchoate literature which they purveyed fell off so enormously that the total loss is said to have amounted to millions.

The intellectual character of the pastime had not really varied. A spin on the wheel and a gorge of Sunday newspaper were alike of that quality of mental relaxation which Coleridge has noted as the state of people leaning over a bridge and spitting into the water. In spite of the high claims of the firms manufacturing the bicycles that they were a means of the highest refinement, and all but salvation, and in spite of the boast of the firms manufacturing the newspaper that it was the same as a school of polite literature, the psychological level of their votaries remained unaffected in the disaster wrought by the wheel to the sworn circulation. This consolation ought to be kept in mind as a prophylactic against the despondency which will be apt to follow the recognition of the unfavorable effect which the swift ascendancy of the new game of ping-pong is believed to be having on the consumption of popular fiction. There are no statistics of the links which could enable us to declare how much golf may have hastened the sudden collapse (comparable only to that from a punctured tire) of the bicycle, or to say how much the popularity of big-selling fiction has had to do with the decay of golf. A case of obscurity rests upon the figures concerning the ravage which the "Book-Lovers' Library" and the "Tabard Inn" why Tabard or why Inn we do not know) may have wrought in the big sales; and as for automobile, that seems to be a delight which is too costly in one sense and too cheap in another for even the readers of popular fiction. In this uncertainty ping-pong suggests itself so forcibly as an immediate cause for the fall of the big-sellers in the general favor that we cannot reject it.

Again the quality of the diversion is not apparently changed; again it is of the same spiritual value as that simpler one noted by Coleridge. It is not impossible that anyone can rise from a game of ping-pong less morally and mentally nourished than from a chapter of big-selling fiction, and there are some chances why one should be more intellectually refreshed. In the case of ping-pong, if you are a man, your antagonist (too harsh a word!) has probably been some sprightly young woman, whose vivacious observations on the incidents of the game have been charming, if they have not been edifying; and in the case of the fiction you have had the company of an author who is neither charming nor edifying; either an unformed girl who knows nothing of life, inventing events and persons out of her comprehensive ignorance, or some fusty elder who is afraid of what he knows, and wants to fob you off with the stale stuff of romance forgotten by successive generations of readers for the last two thousand years. At ping-pong you play in the midst of hilarious spectators, or in a solitude a deux, which is even more delightful, and in the fiction you must read by yourself, for no one could face another with the reading of such preposterous rubbish. The only imaginable circumstances under which the sport of popular fiction could be socially pursued would be in a combination with ping-pong, when a lector appointed for the company, or for the joyful pair, could read the book aloud to a wholly inattentive audience; and we suggest this as a means of saving fiction from the ruin into which it is falling before ping-pong. We do not think it is worth saving, and the vast masses of our fellow-citizens seem to have thought it worth saving, and they are bound in the interest of a consistency which they ought to respect to try to save it; and we urge at least the experiment which we have outlined. The pretty game, which makes the sweet girl opponent show to advantage in so many graceful movements, could be better carried on in indifference to the lector if he were hired for the occasion, like music at parties. The player then need not check her pretty cries of protest or exaltation, and "Oh, that's mine!" or "I didn't intend to do that," or "What a shame!" or "Oh, how mean!" can interpose the author's absurdities to the satisfaction of all the onlookers and listeners. If it is some friend who has volunteered to read, he or she can be encouraged by both players claiming to hear every single word, and proving it by some vague exclamations like "Lovely!" or "Perfectly divine!" or "Do read that sentence again; I didn't quite catch

A Let Down.



Professor Blinkers—I hope you did not find my lecture too technical, Miss Baynes?
Miss Baynes (with pride)—Oh no, professor. I was able to follow it all.
Professor B—I am glad of that, as I tried to make it intelligible to the meanest comprehension.—"Punch."

it. Now, Mr. Racket, you're not playing fair!"
If the publishers of the popular, or plupular, fiction, whose interest we are studying in these speculations, should think of acting upon them, he will do well frankly to approach the ping-pong trust—it must be a trust by this time—with an offer of special terms on the books, so that every set of ping-pong can be sold with the great novel of the year thrown in. Without some such combination we do not see how the big-selling romance is to survive. But if it can be given away with ping-pong sets, it may turn its direct foe into a friend; and when some new craze drives ping-pong out the big-seller may enter with the next occupant of the vacuum mind.—"Harper's Weekly."

Their Steering-Gear.

A professor of a profound subject at Harvard University has a small son who is very observant and inquisitive, and a hired man who has all the Irish wit and good humor.
The other day Albert, the small boy, was playing with a cat in the stable while Larry cleaned the harness.
"Say, Larry," he asked, "why do cats always stand on their feet?"
"They shter themselves wid their tail."
"Well, how do rabbits steer themselves? They haven't long tails; only a stub."
"Wid their ears. That's phwat they have their long ears for."
"Well, how does a bulldog steer himself? He doesn't have long ears or a long tail."
"Wid his bark."
The boy looked doubtful and was silent. Presently he ran in to his father's study, and in a few minutes came back to the stable.
"Larry!"
"Yis?"
"That's true what you told me about bulldogs. I asked papa, and he read something to mamma out of a book about 'barks that steer against the wind.'"

An Oriental Inquest.

The following little scene at an inquest upon the body of a murdered man is reported from Atrachant:
The coroner (dictating to his clerk):—On the table was found a bottle—no, stop a moment, we must ascertain its contents.
The coroner (tasting the liquid):—The bottle contained English gin. Perhaps not, I am not sure. Taste it yourself.
The clerk, having done so, replies—I believe it is simply strong vodka.
The coroner (tossing off another glass):—No, really, it tastes like gin.
The clerk (tasting again):—I still think it is only strong vodka.
The bottle having gradually become empty, the coroner proceeded to dictate in a decisive tone: "Write: An empty bottle was found on the table, and all measures taken to ascertain what it had contained were of no use."

Ideal.

Mrs. Van Antler—She is a fine nurse, isn't she?
Mrs. Giltplace—Splendid. Why, I never have to send the baby from one week's end to the other.

The Kind That Get Away.

"That little minnow," said the first fish, "seems to have got a big opinion of himself all of a sudden." "Yes," replied the other, "he managed to wriggle off a hook this morning, and then heard the fisherman bragging about his size."—Philadelphia "Press."

Running a Great Rapids.

"A T the head of one of the great rapids a bowman, seeing that I mated well with a light-weight of his crew, invited me to take a paddle and help them through," writes Arthur Heming in the July "Scribner" in describing the Abitibi fur brigade. "While the brigade are shooting rapids light-weights are at a premium. Tossing in an extra set of paddles we stepped aboard, and with a

gentle shove the current caught us and carried us out to mid-stream. Long before we sighted white water the roar of the cataract was humming in our ears. We two midmen sat upon dunnage sacks and braced our moccasined feet against the ribbing. Presently the bowman stood up and scanned the river. Dark, ominous water raced ahead for a hundred yards, then disappeared, leaving nothing but a great, surging mass of white that leaped high and dropped out of sight in the apparently forsaken river-bed. Then the steersman stood up, too, and Indian words passed between them. Every moment we were gaining impetus, and always heading for the highest crest of foam. Waiting for the word to paddle was even worse than waiting for the starter's gun in a sculling race. At last it came, just as we were twenty-five yards from the end of dark water. With a wild shout from the bowman, we drove our paddles home. The great canoe trembled a little at first as our work was somewhat ragged, but a moment later we settled into an even stroke and swept buoyantly among the tossing billows. Now before us ran a strange, wild river of seething white, lashing among great, gray-capped, dark-green boulders that blocked the way. High, rocky banks standing close together, squeezed the mighty river into a tumult of fury. Swiftly we glided down the racing torrent and plunged through the boiling waters. Sharp rocks rear above the flying spray, while others are barely covered by the foaming flood. It is dangerous work. We midmen paddle hard to force the canoe ahead of the current. The steersman in bow and stern ply and bend their great seven-foot paddles. The bowman, with eyes alert, keenly watches the whirling waters and signs of hidden rocks below. The roar of seething waters drowns the bowman's orders. The steersman closely watches and follows every move his companion makes. Down we go, riding upon the very back of the river; for here the water forms a great ridge, rising four or five feet above the water-line on either shore. To swerve to either side means sure destruction. With terrific speed we reach the brink of a violent descent. For a moment the canoe pauses, steadies herself, then dips her head as the stern upheaves, and down we plunge among more rocks than



Old ideas and old customs must give way to the improvements of an advanced age. The ancient town crier is succeeded by the modern newspaper and the ancient harsh physics by

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

The great tonic laxative. It starts at the root of most all common ailments, the stomach and bowels, getting them into action in a gentle but sure way.

It has a tonic effect on the digestive organs aiding them in the performance of their proper duties.

Sold by all druggists.

ever. Right in our path the angry stream is waging battle with a hoary boulder that disputes the way. With all its might and fury the frantic river hisses and roars and lashes it. Yet it never moves—it only frowns destruction upon all that dares approach it. How the bowman is working! See his paddle bend! With lightning movements he jabs his great paddle deep into the water and close under the left side of the bow; then with a mighty heave he lifts her head around. The great canoe swings as though upon a pivot; for is not the steersman doing exactly the very opposite at this precise moment? We sheer off. But the next instant the paddles are working on the opposite sides, for the lowman sees signs of a water-covered rock not three yards from the very bow. With a wild lunge he strives to lift the bow around; but the paddle snaps like a rotten twig. Instantly he grabs for another, and a grating sound runs the length of the heaving bottom. The next moment he is working the new paddle. A little water is coming in, but she is running true. The rocks now grow fever, but still there is another pitch ahead. Again the bow dips as we rush down the incline. Spray rises in clouds that drench us to the skin, as we plunge through the "great swell" and then shoot out among a multitude of tumbling billows that threaten to engulf us. The canoe rides upon the backs of the "white horses," and we rise and fall, rise and fall, as they fight beneath us. At last we leave their wild arena, and entering calmer water, paddle away to the end of the portage trail."

Something New.

A showman to the jungle went
And caught a fierce young gnu.
Said he: "I'll teach him to perform,
And sell him to the Zoo."
This man was very much surprised,
And quite delighted, too,
For lo! each quick and novel trick
The new gnu knew!
—E. Warde Blaisdell, in "St. Nicholas."

A Cruel Treatment.

Some Unfortunates Diet Themselves Almost to the Point of Starvation.

Food Distresses Them, Therefore They do Not Eat—The Body Craves Nutrition Yet the Stomach Refuses to Digest.

What is a Dyspeptic to do when everything he eats gives him pain and distress?

Many answer this question by advising the unfortunate to abstain from food.

But he is ravenously hungry. His body craves the food necessary to sustain the strength for his daily labor, and not to eat means a constantly diminishing strength.

Physical weakness invites disease, and hampers and hinders in the race of life. It is not necessary to live on a starvation diet in order to get rid of Stomach trouble.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets make it possible for the Dyspeptic to eat heartily, without any painful after-effects.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are a specific for diseases of the Stomach only.

They give instant relief, and if a full treatment is taken according to directions, they completely and permanently cure the worst cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Bloating, Headache or other Stomach trouble.

You may feel without fear, if you are careful to take one or two of these dainty digestive Tablets immediately after each meal.

You may eat what you like, for Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will digest the food—every particle of it—without any assistance from the Stomach and this complete digestion means an entire absence of all unpleasant symptoms.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have changed many a miserable sufferer to a healthy, happy man, or woman, capable of enjoying all the good things of life.

They are sold wherever medicine is sold, and thousands of living men and women today testify that they have cured their Stomach trouble, after everything else had failed.

A remedy which has an unbroken record of victory over all diseases of the Stomach is surely worth the thoughtful consideration, and a fair trial by anyone afflicted.

A Hard Epigram on Women.

Oh, the gladness of their gladness when they're glad,
And the sadness of their sadness when they're sad;
But the gladness of their gladness and the sadness of their sadness
Are as nothing to their badness when they're bad.
—"Notes and Queries."

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLDS.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents.

Their Vacations.

THE musicians will live on the Sound, and the ping-pong players will go to Table Bay, suggests New York "Life." The summer girls will naturally go to the Isle of Man, and those too old to be loved will seek the Isle of Pines. Diplomats will go to Bar Harbor, brewers to Behring Straits, while all reformed drunkards will go to Haddam. The coal men will flock to Asheville, poets will go to Attica, geometers to Cuba, tramps to Bath, horseback riders to Canterbury, funny men to Chestnut Ridge, golf players to Bunker Hill, philanthropists to the Bounty Islands, Boston girls to Chili, and chiropractors to Cornwall.

Printers will go to Ems, aurists to Erie, pawnbrokers to Hocking Valley, spiritualists to Knoxville, burglars to Lock Haven, Pullman car porters to Palm Beach, but there is some doubt about the Filipinos going to Liberty. Those who linger too long will go to Tarrytown.

All the stuffs will go to Turkey. Prohibitionists will go to the Water Gap, and all practical jokers to Cape Cod. Some Wall Street men will go to Great Bear Lake, and others to Bull Run. Folks troubled with insomnia will go to Sleepy Hollow. Roulette players will go to Wheeling, and poker players to Council Bluffs. Fat men will go to Great Neck, thin men to Littleton, and melancholy men to Sulphur Springs.

The cooks will go to Pottstown, the anarchists to Bombay, cabmen to Hobo-

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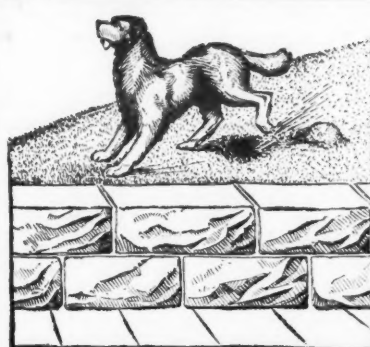


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'DARTRING' TOILET 'LANOLINE' in small and large collapsible tubes. Makes rough skins smooth and protects delicate complexions from the effects of wind and sun. 'DARTRING' 'LANOLINE' TOILET SOAP is unequalled for cleansing and keeping the skin supple. It never irritates.

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THE UNITS BUILD THE EMPIRE

Shredded Wheat for sale by all Grocers.



Carling's Ale

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Every bottle guaranteed.

That's all.

ken, vivisectionists to the Catskills, and all the shoppers to Paw Paw.

Pool players will go to the Pyramids, leather men to Morocco, magnates to the Rockies, while those whose fortunes are falling will go to Sag Harbor.

All the peach growers will go to Pittsburg, and the lace-makers will go to Old Point. The confectioners will flock to Mt. Desert, and the gossips to Pekin.

And finally, those whose thoughts are fixed on Heaven will go to St. Petersburg.

And those whose thoughts are in the other direction will go to Fire Island.

Catabolic Man.

ACCORDING to a writer in the "Lancet," the male human needs more food than the female, not only on account of his larger stature, but also because he is the more catabolic of the two. The man tends to expend energy and the woman to store it up in the form of fat; he burns the faster. This sexual difference shows itself in the very blood; the man has a larger percentage of chromocytes than the woman, showing that he needs a proportionately larger quantity of oxygen in order to maintain his more active combustion—a fact which one may associate

with his comparative freedom from chlorosis; moreover, weight for weight, his pulmonary capacity is greater than that of the woman, whose smaller respiratory need is further shown by the facility with which she can without discomfort diminish her breathing power by means of the corset. "The great contrast between the metabolic activity of the two sexes," continues the writer, "was forcibly brought home to me by a military display given by a troupe of dusky Amazons, with whom were also a few male warriors. The women, in spite of their daily exertions, were all rounded and plump, some very much so, no single muscle showing through the skin, and it was noticed that their movements, though full of grace, lacked energy and 'go.' The men, on the other hand, were spare, their muscles standing out plainly under the shiny skin, and they, in further contrast with the women, displayed a truly amazing agility, bounding about and whirling round in a most astounding fashion; the women, in short, were essentially anabolic and the men were catabolic. I may here draw attention to the fact that men are apt to be larger meat-eaters than women, just as they are, possibly in consequence of this very fact, more prone to drink alcohol and to smoke tobacco."

Rebinding a Skirt

involves time, labor, bother and expense, which may be avoided if your skirt is bound with S. H. & M. Redfern—a bias corded velvet—which not only protects the skirt, but adds to the beauty of it.

You may be sure you are getting the best skirt binding if the letters S. H. & M. are on the back of every yard.

If you do not find the letters

S. H. & M.

on the back of Bias Velvet or Brush Edge Skirt Bindings they are not the best.



MR. H. F. STRICKLAND'S suggestion as to the engagement of an orchestra for the Toronto Exhibition is meeting with much encouragement from musical people generally. Mr. A. S. Vogt, in a recent letter, says: "I heartily concur in what you have been advocating. A first-class orchestra at our annual fair would undoubtedly prove to be a great attraction and would also be the means of drawing the attention of a class of people who have begun to tire of the event and who have not been on the grounds for several years." Failing the engagement of a foreign orchestra, would it not be a good idea for Mr. Klingenberg to secure enough players, provided the Fair authorities support the proposal, and endeavor to have them engaged for the Fair. If it were possible to do this at a season when it would be a comparatively easy matter to secure the players, it would go a long way towards setting in motion the plan for a permanent orchestra."

A graduates' recital was given by representatives of the vocal and piano departments of Moulton Ladies' College on Saturday evening last. The piano graduates being pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt, and the vocal graduates pupils of Mrs. J. W. Bradley. The chapel of the College was well filled by students and friends of the graduates, and the recital proved to be one of the most successful ever given at the College. The pianists, Misses Lillian Milne, Emma Fox and Eliza Guyatt, displayed in their various numbers a high order of technical skill, combined with an advanced standard of interpretative culture. Their playing being artistic throughout. Among the numbers performed may be mentioned Schumann's "Faschingschwank," Liszt's "Cantique d'Amour," Chopin's Ballade in A flat, and the same composer's Etudes Opus 10, Nos. 3 and 5, Liszt's "Les Preludes" for two pianos and other compositions. The vocal graduates were Misses Lulu Eastman and Miss Helen Murdoch, both of whom sang in excellent voice and in admirable style, and in a manner reflecting high credit upon the vocal department of the College.

At the last rehearsal of the choir of Jarvis Street Baptist Church reference was made by the choir-master, Mr. Vogt, to the fact that the occasion marked the completion of ten years of service in the choir of Mr. A. L. E. Davies, solo baritone of the organization and deputy choir-master. Mr. Vogt paid a high compliment to Mr. Davies, both as an artist and a gentleman, and expressed regret that Mr. Davies' business obligations prevented him from entering more actively into professional musical work. Reference was also made by Mr. Vogt to the fact that Mr. Davies' early training had been acquired in the choir of one of the great English cathedrals, the very best school for the equipment of vocalists and church musicians generally. Among the musicians of Worcester who figured, as a young man, in the musical doings of the city, principally as a violinist in local orchestras, was the present leading English composer, Dr. Edward Elgar, of whom Mr. Davies has a distinct personal recollection as a modest and thorough musician.

As previously announced, Mr. Walter Robinson of Carnegie Hall, New York, will conduct a summer course of vocal lessons in Toronto, beginning July 2. Applications are to be made at Messrs. Goulay, Winter & Leeming's. Mr. Robinson will be remembered as having been choir-master of the Church of the Redeemer, and for one season conductor of the Toronto Male Chorus. It is a very difficult matter for a singer or teacher to be successful in New York, for there they come in competition with some of the best talent in the world. Success has, however, attended the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, and this fact ought to be a guarantee of their ability to give satisfaction to those who may desire to study with them.

An interesting recital was given in connection with the prize-giving at Bishop Bethune College on Tuesday afternoon last week. One of the special features of the programme was the singing of Miss Gwendoline Canfield, who possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of rare quality and compass. Miss Canfield was especially happy in Cowen's "Swallows" and in a duet with Miss Olive Louden. "When the Wind Blows in from the Sea," by Smart.

Richard Wagner, who wanted the auditorium darkened during the performance of his operas in order that the audience might concentrate all its attention on the stage, would have been surprised at the interpretation of his motives given by a London critic who comments on the "dislike of operatic audiences to sitting in the dark," and proceeds: "Fortunately the absurdity of the custom has been recognized, and on Friday, the King's official birthday, the opera house was properly lighted, not at all, he said, to the detriment of 'Die Meistersinger'; but to the great content of a brilliant company of ladies, who very naturally desired to see and be seen. Wagner, whose operatic experiences were with the average German Frauen, or the strangely garbed British or American troupe, may have had special reasons for darkening the auditorium, reasons which do not apply at Covent Garden, where, when the house is properly illuminated and the ladies put on their handsomest frocks and jewels, the spectacle is practically unique in Europe."

In the early part of Victoria's reign it was the unhappy fate of most of the young and other artists who were ambitious of singing and playing before royalty to receive practically little or nothing for their labor. A nominal fee, it is true, was paid, according to the London "Truth"—five guineas for British and ten guineas for foreign musicians—but by some means the money usually stuck to the fingers of Sir George Smart or P. Anderson, who seemed to regard it as a perquisite for introducing the artist to court. More eminent musicians and the great instrumentalists or

singers who appeared before royalty had no fee at all, but were gratified with the present of a pin, a pair of sleeve-links, a necklace, or some other personal souvenir, which they very highly prized. But the King, when he does not give a souvenir (a thing much more desired than money by the greater artists), now pays those who appear before him a proper fee.

The Te Deum which was sung at St. Paul's, London, by way of celebrating the end of the Boer war, was the last composition written by Sir Arthur Sullivan, who intended it for that purpose. It is said to hold an honorable position among his church compositions, which include eight anthems and twenty-five hymn-tunes. The most familiar of these hymn-tunes, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," figures prominently in the Te Deum, which is planned for chorus, strings, brass instruments and organ. Wood wind instruments were discarded altogether by the composer owing to the difficulty of adjusting their pitch to that of the organ. Following forte chords from the brass, the first two bars of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" are heard on the strings, and then the choir, entering forte, give out an independent subject, the most important one in point of fact. Trumpets are again effectively employed just previous to the entry of the masses at the words, "To Thee all angels cry aloud." Five separate movements of moderate length are included in the "Te Deum," and the finale begins in the same manner as the first section. Here, after the choir has continued singing for a considerable time without accompaniment, the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers" gradually asserts itself, until it boldly challenges notice as conspicuous to the vocal material. For a time the choir and chorus carry along their respective subjects independently, but ultimately the striking hymn-tune gains the upper hand, and the work concludes in a highly effective manner.

Haverall Ladies' College will provide additional accommodation for musical students next season. The building is being enlarged, and a new assembly hall is being built, in which will be placed a fine two-manual pipe organ. It is worth noting that for three consecutive years pupils from the College have gained the highest place in the final vocal diploma examination at the Conservatory of Music, all these being pupils of Dr. Albert Ham, director of the vocal music.

It is stated that Mascagni is to compose a musical setting for the dramatic version of Hall Caine's "The Eternal City," which is to be staged in London and New York next season. The success of the experiment will be exceedingly doubtful, seeing that Mascagni has produced nothing of a popular order since "Cavalleria," and one would think that, in any case, a play such as can be made out of the novel would be seriously impeded in its action by music. The Italian's score may, however, prove useful as an additional advertisement for the play.

Some of the English musical papers are lamenting the fact that there is a great falling off in the number of candidates who present themselves for the examinations for degrees in music at the English universities. At one of the institutions in question the number of degrees granted "honoris causa" is said to be greater than those won by examination. I see nothing to regret in the circumstance. Few, if any, of the great composers ever won a degree by examination. Had Beethoven or Wagner submitted to an examination they would in all probability have been ignominiously "plucked."

In a recent interview Carl Goldmark remarked: "Last winter I heard Hausgger's 'Barbarossa' symphony. One of its movements ends with such a barbarous noise that I was completely bewildered. I no longer recognized the key or the chords; everything was drowned by the din of the drums and the brass. Such a noise I regard as a slump. It betrays the composer's poverty of ideas; he tries to hide the fact that he has nothing to say. But, lo and behold! Next to me sat a well-known conductor who was delighted, and the public was enthusiastic. But I was horrified, and said to myself: 'Is this to be the future of our music?'"

The Toronto College of Music (in affiliation with the University of Toronto) closing concert in Massey Hall was given on Tuesday night, June 24, before an audience of about three thousand people. This occasion brought forward the results of the season's work, work which is typical of the musical training of students at the College of Music, the nature and quality of which will at once be recognized by musicians. The programme included Chopin's "Spianota" and "Polonaise" in E flat (piano), Cecile Williamson; Weber's "Concertstucke" (piano), Lillian Porter; Mendelssohn's "Concerto" in G minor (piano), Charles Eggert; Liszt's "Concerto" in E flat (piano), Eleanor Kennedy; and Moscheles' "Concerto" (first movement in G minor (piano), William Buckley. With two exceptions, all these were played by memory, and in all it demonstrated that the exponents had been trained on high educational lines. Mr. Buckley, having filled the all-round requirements of the College, theoretical and practical, became entitled to the eminent distinction of gaining the College gold medal, while Lillian Porter and Eleanor Kennedy had previously been awarded the gold medal for piano playing. Without exception, all the pianists who took part in this programme deserve great commendation, with special reference to the playing of Lillian Porter, Charles Eggert and Eleanor Kennedy. The vocal portion of the programme introduced several vocalists of much merit as soloists. Margaret Nelson, in Meyerbeer's "Roberto," showed a well-trained voice, and Mrs. Cleland-Armstrong, in Gounod's "More Regal in His Low Estate," made a favorable impression. Miss Eileen Millett, who has already proved her right to high rank as an oratorio singer, made again a pronounced success on this occasion in Verdi's celebrated cavatina "Ah, fors e lui" (Traviata), receiving tremendous applause at the conclusion. Her voice and singing show development on many lines. Bizet's "Toreador" song from "Carmen" was sung in capital style by Mr. O. B. Dorland, who, with further study, should become an exceptionally good baritone singer. Miss Lillian M. Kirby was well liked with "Ah! estinto" (Meredante), her contralto voice being displayed effectively. The other vocal numbers were the Verdi trio, "Te sol

quest anima," sung very well by Mrs. Cleland-Armstrong, J. Levaek and A. V. J. Leithner, and the quartette, "Bella Figlia," from Verdi's Rigoletto, by Eileen Millett, Lillian Kirby, L. Boynton (tenor) and O. B. Dorland (bass). This number was effective, and was evidently well appreciated. A unique feature of the concert was that the programme was accompanied by the orchestra, who in the vocal as well as the exacting concertos, deserve great credit for their careful and effective work. Mr. Torrington, who has recently had the degree of Doctor of Music conferred upon him by the University of Toronto, conducted the orchestra throughout, and has every reason to feel proud of the results of the College of Music system of training.

The concert given by the Methodist Church at Haydon on Dominion Day was a rather unique affair, and very successful. The programme was given in a large tent, having seating capacity of one thousand, and it was with difficulty that the audience could be comfortably accommodated. Haydon is a small village, but has some enterprising concert people, and the success of this concert was so decided that the committee engaged the same talent (the Sherlock Male Quartette) for the same entertainment next year. This church has held a Dominion Day concert since Confederation.

A Surprised Doctor.

Said a Case of St. Vitus Dance Could Not Be Cured.

Called One Day and Found the Patient Ironing and Learned That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Had Succeeded Where Other Medicines Had Failed.

The sufferer from St. Vitus' dance, even in a mild form, is much to be pitied, but when the disease assumes an aggravated form the patient is usually as helpless as an infant, and has to be watched with as much care. St. Vitus' dance is a disease of the nerves and must be treated through them, and for this purpose there is no other medicine in the world acts so speedily as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Proof of this statement is found in the cure of Miss Louise Luffman, whose home is at Pouchers Mills, Ont., who was cured by these pills after two doctors had failed to benefit her in the least. The young lady's mother tells the story of her daughter's illness as follows: "I do not think it possible anyone could be afflicted with a more severe form of St. Vitus' dance than that which attacked my daughter Louise. Her arms and legs would twitch and jerk, her face was drawn, and finally her left side became numb as though paralyzed. Two doctors attended her, but their treatment not only did not help her, but she grew steadily worse. Her tongue became swollen, her speech thick and indistinct, and she could neither sit still nor stand still. She could not hold anything in her hand, and it was necessary to watch her all the time, as we feared she would injure herself. The last doctor who attended her told me she would never get better, and it was then that I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After she had taken two boxes we could see an improvement in her condition. Her appetite improved, she could sleep better, and the spasms were less severe. From that on there was a marked improvement in her condition, and one day the doctor who had said she could not get better called while passing and found her ironing—something she had not been able to do for months. I told him it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that was curing her, and he said: 'Well, I am surprised, but continue the pills; they will cure her.' She used in all eight or ten boxes, and is now as healthy a girl as you will find anywhere, and she has not since had a symptom of the trouble."

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An Ideal Revealed.

Calling Bad Names. An Expurgated Edition.

THE little old man sat near me in church on Sunday, and I remarked his exceeding sparseness and meagerness. His locks were thin and straggling, and his narrow shoulders were bent and sloping, his tremulous hands were brown and great veins wandered over regular X-ray exhibits of bones. His stature was small, and even his little garments suggested bigness, so tiny was the frame he occupied. A bent old nondescript of a hat, he continually set beaming out of a gaping pocket. He sat with his hands folded over a stout stick, resting a bit forward upon them, and he looked with faded and weary eyes at the preacher. That one was young and lusty, and gave us a word-picture of a Bible hero, which lacked nothing of strength and eloquence, dwelling with manly pleasure upon his ideal man. I felt my sex disgustedly, and decided that the preacher was not successful. Not so the little old battered remains of a man who listened near. As the glowing description of perfect manhood filled his air, his little backbone stiffened up, his chin raised itself from his folded hands and settled well back into his neck. His narrow chest expanded and his eyes brightened, his nostrils dilated and a small furtive smile parted his tired mouth. His ideal glorified the little old man, and I sat watching him with intense interest and sympathy. Suddenly he turned and looked fairly at me, and I dropped my eyes. I felt I was only a woman!

What's in a name? Well, unfortunately nothing sometimes, or else the idiotic naming of towns would cease. Riding through the fairest little bit of Western Ontario the other afternoon, when every leaf was brilliant in the sinking sun, after a forty-eight-hour bath of rain, a brakeman burst into the train and bawled "Pshaw!" It sounded so rude and impertinent and contemptuous a howl that I was quite upset, and eyed the brakeman approvingly. Don't tell me that brakemen are liable to bawl

"Pshaw" and other derisive words at me if I don't ride in a Pullman car. One doesn't do so when saving up for rides in an English "carriage," as I am doing. When I looked at the brakeman with rebuking eye, he just shouted "Pshaw," once more, like the "very baddest boy," and pranced out the other door to do so somewhere else. And then we rolled gaily up to "Shaw" station. I wonder how the Shawites feel about their postal address? I should mortally detest having my letters come to "Shaw." No doubt it never occurs to them how their town-name looks to an outsider of three syllables, and three sonorous, Indian syllables, too, with an "r" to roll in the middle. Poor people of Shaw the flip-pant, Shaw the borbait, Shaw the utterly inadequate! They should arise and put a tail to the name or a prefix, or something. Oh, pshaw!

Have you happened upon the "Story of Mary MacLane"? It's a Chicago publication of the maudering, unclean and otherwise, of a sort of half-baked female of Butte, Montana, who says a few funny and a few searching things in among many worthless babblings. One evening a wise man person read us an expurgated edition of Mary MacLane, and we roared over it. An expurgated edition is exceedingly aggravating, though healthy. It's like a "trifle" built without brandy, or pudding sauce mixed without that same taste of the "dreadful." However, the wise man assured us that Mary was impossible in the veracious altogether, and we took his word for it. One woman recalled her emotions at expurgated copies of the frank-spoken poets, and said they made her so furious that she never took any more pleasure in their permitted writings. But I have reconsidered the matter suggested by Mary MacLane, and am ready to accept the truth that the expurgated editions are lovable and worthy. What are we all anyway but expurgated editions, you and I, and is there a single one of us that dare risk circulation of our original and untampered-with life manuscript? Mary MacLane's Litany particularly appealed to me, for in it she has grouped all the small trifling annoyances of life with its big trudging burdens, and petitioned the author of evil (most appropriately, it seems to me) to deliver her from them! Her belief in the personality of the devil is startling. She greets him as a kindred spirit, suffering and sympathetic, powerful and disposed to her deliverance. The bogey devil with whom the world has been burdened so long is probably responsible for the revolt of Mary MacLane, and in a more subtle way for the recognition by many of us that any "outer" evil is quite a superfluous and distracting idea. As a small criminal once obstinately avowed to a pious lady who bewailed the power of the orthodox Satan over him: "Now, no one did nothing to me. I made it up myself."

Very few persons are strong enough to essay the morbid pose. I am often tempted to laugh, and I yield to the temptation, at the queer, inconsequent drivellings of young folks who fancy themselves tremendously inspired and interesting when they are merely absurd. Morbidity is exquisitely dangerous. It may and does warp the judgment, kill the sympathy, blunt the moral sense and blight the life, not only of the morbid but of his or her victims. Therefore, it should be mistrusted and shunned.

Missed a Sale.

"I am selling a new cyclopaedia," began the well-dressed man who had been ushered into the reception-room on the strength of his make-up; "would you care to look at it?" "Taint no use," replied Mrs. Neulich; "I'd break my neck if I ever attempted to ride one of them fool things."—Chicago "Daily News."

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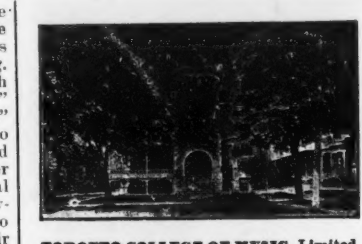
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Social and Personal.

Mrs. Carrier of Oswego, accompanied by her daughter, is visiting Mrs. George Hees. Mr. Hees is on his way home from the Klondike, and Mr. Harry Hees from England. Mrs. Alan Sullivan is spending the summer with her mother. She is not at the Island, as reported.

Colonel Evans, Major Hamilton Merritt, Captain Jim Elmsley, Lieutenant Bruce Carruthers are on their way from Cape Town to Canada. They are due at Halifax on July 22nd.

Miss Aimee Phipp is forming classes for physical culture and remedial training and is at the Blue Room, Temple Building, and at 74 St. George street, to meet pupils and students. Her aunt, Miss Chreiman of London, England, who has been for twenty years at the head of the movement for physical development and perfection in England, and in fact originated a good deal of it, is with her niece in Toronto.

Mrs. George Hanning left town this week to join Mr. Hanning at Fort Francis.

Mrs. Anglin (nee Falconbridge) is occupying her parents' residence in Isabella street this summer. Mr. and Mrs. Anglin and their young folks are quite a large family group now, though Mrs. Anglin is quite too youthful looking to be easily believed the mother of the sturdy little children. With Mrs. Plunkett Magann, she shares the charm of girlish looks, in spite of family cares.

The wet weather of the past week has not deterred the people from going to Grimsby Park summer resort. Among those who spent the holidays around Sunday and Dominion Day there were Mr. W. C. Wilkinson, Mrs. Wilkinson and the Misses Wilkinson, Mr. J. H. Ford, Mrs. Ford and Miss Adams, Rev. E. A. Chown and Mrs. Chown, Mrs. Rosebrugh and the Misses Rosebrugh of Toronto, Mrs. J. W. Shoemaker, Miss Dora Shoemaker, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shoemaker of Philadelphia, Mr. Fred Dane and Mrs. Dane, Mr. and Mrs. John Penon, Mr. R. W. Boyle and Mrs. Boyle, Mr. W. E. Galley and family, Mr. G. G. Mills and Mrs. Mills and daughters of Toronto, Mr. Jones of Australia, Mrs. Petch, Dr. and Mrs. Smale of Toronto, Mr. S. F. Lazier, K.C., Mrs. Lazier, Mr. E. W. Lazier, Mr. Harold Lazier of Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Phelps of St. Catharines, Misses Westman of Toronto, Rev. J. Muir of Grimsby, Mr. Smith, A. of Toronto, Mr. K. G. Beaton of St. Catharines, Mr. Botterell of Ottawa, who has just settled in his large, new cottage at the west end of the park; Mr. J. C. Mundell, Mrs. J. Mundell and grandchildren of Elora, Mr. Jenkins of Napanee, Mr. Truesdale and Mr. Perry of Hamilton, Mr. Cooper of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Fitzsimmons of Toronto, Miss Orchard of Toronto, Miss Caton of Orleans, N.Y., Rev. Dr. Thomas of Toronto, Mr. J. C. Taylor of Hamilton, Mr. Martin and Mr. Levey of Toronto. The cottages are nearly all taken, and the coming week a great influx of visitors is expected.

Hotel Brant is open for the season, and several Toronto people are arranging to spend some time at Burlington Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Stout and their family of Lowther avenue are to be some of the guests at the Hotel Brant. Their daughter, Mrs. Brennan, is settled in Hamilton, and will be with her parents during the summer.

Mrs. Stanley Clark has left for St. Catharines, where Mr. Plunkett Magann has bought a new yacht. Mr. Stephen Haas of the R.C.Y.C. has also gone in enthusiastically for sailing, and has a fine craft. His home in Madison avenue is being very much improved and beautified during the stay of the family at the Island.

Mrs. Will Hees and her children are visiting Mrs. George Hees at 174 St. George street.

Mrs. Jack Buchanan has gone to San Francisco, where Mr. Buchanan has a bank position.

Mr. Donald Morrison and Miss Jeanette Beveridge of Port Elmsley were married on Wednesday, and sail for Scotland this week. The staff of the firm of which the bridegroom is an employee gave him a handsome cabinet of cutlery, Mr. A. B. Lee making the presentation.

Among many good whips who have been admired on Toronto streets during the past season, one of the best is Mrs. King (nee Barnes of Hamilton), whose trap and driving are as smart as can be.

Miss May Van Norman Luttrell, 34 Sussex avenue, returned home this week, after completing a three years' course at Loretto Academy, Hamilton, having obtained at the closing the medal for proficiency in French, a special medal for English grammar and rhetoric, donated by Rev. Father Donavan, Hamilton, and the silver medal for expression and literature, donated by Miss Howell of Brantford.

The engagement of Miss Beatrice Taylor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Taylor, Montreal, to Dr. Edward P. Whitney, New York, is announced. Miss Taylor is a sister of Mrs. Hughes of Leamington, Ont.

Miss Mabel Stuart, Niagara Falls, N. Y., is staying with Miss Smallpiece, Dunn avenue, South Parkdale.

Mrs. Thomas Godson and the Misses Godson are spending the summer at Ernestcliffe Hotel, Judd-Haven, Muskoka.

A very quiet wedding was solemnized in St. Enoch's Presbyterian Church on Saturday afternoon, June 28, at one o'clock, when Miss Ethel E. McComb, niece of Mr. George R. Roberts, manager of the Standard Publishing Company, was married to Mr. Thomas J. Greene of the Education Department, eldest son of the late James Greene. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Alexander McMillan. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. George R. Roberts. Mr. George McKee was groomsmen, and Miss Alice Webster maid of honor. Only the most intimate friends of both parties were present.

The closing exercises and distribution of prizes of St. Monica's School took place on Tuesday afternoon. The event was of interest to a large number of people, and in spite of the dullness of

the day, many friends and patrons assembled in the large schoolroom, which was prettily decorated for the occasion. The opening address was delivered by Canon Macnab, and was followed by congratulatory speeches by Professor Clark of Trinity College, Rev. John Gillespie and Rev. Mr. Goodman. The general proficiency prizes were presented by Colonel W. C. Phillips, R.E., London, England, the head girl of the school being the recipient of a handsome gold bracelet, while the prizes in the fifth forms were respectively a gold locket with the school crest engraved on it, and a set of the Temple edition of Shakespeare. A special prize for English literature was presented by Mrs. J. S. Prince.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Parkyn Murray are settled in their flat at the St. George apartments, where Mrs. Murray will receive after September 1.

Mr. John Catto left for Europe on the "Majestic" from New York on Wednesday.

One of last month's weddings which was shorn by family mourning of its intended extent and importance to social circles in the way of a brilliant reunion of society was that of Mr. Charles Drayton of Winnipeg, a clever young barrister and second son of Mr. Philip Drayton of Ontario street, and Miss Lydia Howland, daughter of the late Henry S. Howland. Rev. John Gillespie performed the ceremony, which took place in the Church of the Messiah, Avenue road. The church was prettily decorated with marguerites and ferns, and the service was choral. Miss Howland's wedding-gown was of white mousseline de sole over taffeta, with trimming of point lace. A tulle veil and orange blossoms were worn, and the bridal bouquet was of lily of the valley, arranged in shower effect. Miss Olive Drayton, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid, in pale blue crepe de chine, a black picture hat, and carrying pink roses. Little Misses Kathleen and Laura Gillespie were two pretty flower-girls, in short-sleeved frocks of white point d'esprit and big hats to match. Pretty baskets of daisies went well with their simple and dainty costumes. Mr. W. Howland, the bride's brother, was best man. The Messrs. Howland Gillespie, son of the rector, and Albert and Edward Gillespie, his nephews, were ushers. Mrs. Gillespie gave the wedding breakfast at the Rectory, which was most artistically decorated with roses and palms. The bride's table was done in bride roses, the guests' tables in pink, and the merry juveniles had a jolly party in the conservatory. Mr. and Mrs. Drayton went to Winnipeg via the great lakes, the bride going away in a very handsome royal purple cloth gown, trimmed with black, and black hat. Her gift from the groom was an emerald and diamond sunburst and diamond ring, the bridesmaid and little maidens receiving pearl pins, and the best man a pretty scarf pin. Only relatives were present from town and a few friends from a distance.

Mrs. Arthur F. Nicoll, who has been laid up for nearly a year in Grace Hospital, has made a wonderful recovery, after such a long siege of suffering, and her husband and friends hope she will soon be able to return to her home, 101 Spadina avenue.

The many friends of Miss Edith Nicoll and Miss Dean (two Toronto girls) will be pleased to learn that they both graduated at Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago, Ill., on June 23.

Dr. E. L. Anderson of the Ontario Medical College for Women is now in-terme at the Nursery and Child's Hospital, Staten Island, New York, where Dr. Dorothea Orr of the same college is completing her second year as resident physician. Dr. Orr is the first from the Toronto college to occupy this position, and Dr. Anderson is her second Canadian assistant.

Miss Leda H. Russell, whose name appears in the list of graduates (vocal) at the Toronto Conservatory of Music this year, is a pupil of Mrs. Alfred Jury. Miss Russell is soprano soloist of the Annette Street Methodist Church, Toronto Junction.

Passenger Agents Pleased With Muskoka.

Large Number of Railway Men Guests of the Grand Trunk Railway—Surprised at its Beauty.

W. E. Davis, general traffic manager, and G. T. Bell, general passenger and ticket agent, Grand Trunk Railway, were in charge of a large number of railway passenger agents from Buffalo and the State of Michigan, who were the guests of the company on a Saturday to Monday trip to Muskoka. This was the first trip of many of the visitors to the northern paradise, and proved an eye-opener to them, for they had but a very faint idea of the varied beauty of that favorite tourist region. The bright, warm sunshine and bracing air was in strong contrast to the weather experienced in Toronto. "This outing ought to result in bringing to this country a great amount of traffic," said Mr. McDonald, district passenger agent, this morning. "It will certainly do Canada and Toronto a lot of good." The party visited various points on Muskoka, Rossseau and St. Joseph Lakes.

Messrs. Davis and Bell were accompanied by the following other officials: H. R. Charlton, advertising agent; George Vaux, assistant general passenger agent, Chicago; J. D. McDonald, district passenger agent, Toronto; J. E. Quick, general baggage agent, Toronto; C. L. Coon, passenger agent, Buffalo; George Watson, passenger agent, Detroit; C. C. Craigie, traveling passenger agent, and others.

Among the guests of the company were the following gentlemen, most of whom were accompanied by their wives: H. F. Moeller, general passenger agent; P. M. Ray, Detroit; T. G. Winnetta, general passenger agent, Detroit and Mackinac Railway; J. E. Lockwood, G.P.A., Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad; E. C. Luce, Cleveland, G. R. and Lake Shore Railroad; W. H. Underwood, general eastern agent, M.C.R.; H. T. Jaeger, general agent, Erie Railway; F. F. Fox, Lackawanna Railroad; J. W. Daly, general eastern agent, Lake Shore Railroad; R. F. Kelley, G. A. Walsh; B. P. Fraser, D.P.A., Pennsylvania

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"It looks like everything in the world comes right if we just wait long enough."

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The visitors were also gratified with the excellent service the Grand Trunk Railway has inaugurated between Buffalo, Hamilton, Toronto and the Muskoka District.

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During the Forenoon of Exhibition Day a

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Two Performances Daily at 2 and 8 p.m.

Doors open 1 and 7. Rain or Shine, in New Pro-

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The Queen's Royal Hotel, ON THE LAKE.

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Beautiful location. Excellent fishing and bathing facilities. Daily mail. Terminus of steamboat line. Terms on application.

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MUSKOKA.—First-class board; rooms well furnished; fine sandy beach for bathing; pure spring water; farm in connection. Terms, \$6.00 to \$8.00 per week. Telegraph office close by. Daily mail and steamboat line. No consumptives taken.

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Good fishing, boating, bathing and lawn tennis. Terms, \$6 to \$7.00 per week. Special terms to families.

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In the 42 inch **Dress Trunk**, with separate trays, one can place them at a convenient height and fold and pack so that every inch of space is used.

The tapes at ends and across the trays keep everything in shape, no matter how your trunk is turned.

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The Prophets, and

The Preachers

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As the articles were accredited by competent judges as being the cleverest addition to journalistic literature put forth in years, it is evident that the opportunity to preserve them in book form will be hailed with pleasure.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. Clarence Bogert of Montreal was in town for the holiday. Miss Evans went to Galt for the holidays on art matters intent. Mrs. Denison returned on Tuesday from a visit to her mother, Mrs. Sandy, in Chatham. Mrs. Charles Sheard has been in New York on literary affairs. Her new story, "A Maid of Many Moods," which came out as a serial, is being brought out in book form in New York and London.

The "Court Journal" publishes descriptions of gowns worn by Mrs. and Miss Cawthra of Yeadon Hall at the "Court" held at Buckingham Palace on June 13, which will interest Canadians who know the lady and her beautiful daughter. Mrs. Cawthra wore pale green moire, with daisies embroidered on it and silver paillettes. Some of her fine

Brussels lace was on the bodice, with soft ivory mousseline de soie. The train was of pale green mousseline de soie lined with white satin, with lace and knots of cloth of silver. Miss Cawthra wore pale blue chiffon with satin girdle, lace, and silver embroidery, and a white satin train, trimmed with chiffon and pink roses. The item that each lady carried a "Goodyear" bouquet doesn't convey a sane idea to a thinking mind. We could do better here! A "tidy" bouquet would convey a notion of trimness, anyway. But, knowing that orchids and stephanotis and heaps of exquisite things are sure to be in a "Goodyear" bouquet, one can imagine our Toronto friends' nosegays being as lovely as possible.

Miss Langmuir has gone to visit Mrs. Porter in Buffalo.
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Thomson, who

have been enjoying their honeymoon at Washington and Philadelphia, are now spending a few days at Lake Simcoe.

Mrs. R. H. Henderson, 245 Carlton street, will not hold her post-nuptial reception until September.

Mrs. Walker (nee Newbigging) is visiting in Cobourg. Mrs. Mulholland of Port Hope is visiting her sister, Mrs. Angus MacMurphy.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gooderham, jr., have returned from their wedding tour, and are at present at the Arlington.

Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre and Mrs. Bruce Carruthers of Kingston are at the Queen's on a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. David Henderson and their family are at Jackson's Point.

The opening of the Royal Muskoka and the booking of rooms for July and August by many Southerners and Canadians has justified the wisdom of the company which had the enterprise to call into its perfect comfort and comeliness this palatial "lodge in the wilderness."

Miss Kathleen Massey, the New York beauty who has been Miss Lillian Warwick's guest at Sunnyside, has been much admired at all the summer functions, and was besieged by attentions also during a recent visit in Hamilton.

A very much loved mother, grandmother and great-grandmother was called with great suddenness to her rest on Friday of last week, when Mrs. Bacon died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Phillips, in Queen's Park. Mrs. Bacon was of advanced years, but was as bright and attractive an old lady as many a score of years her junior. Her lovely silver, curling hair was one of her prettiest charms, and her sympathy and delight in her children and grandchildren, and the wee ones of the fourth generation, was most attractive. Mrs. George Broughall's sturdy little man and Mrs. Gooderham's (nee Phillips) pretty baby were their great-grandmother's pride and delight when they came, and many will recall her pleasure at the Broughall baby's christening some years ago. To her family much sympathy is extended in their sorrow. A very little while before her death, on Friday, she was planning with her grandchild, Miss Eleanor Phillips, pleasant doings for their country summer sojourn.

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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Bowles—Toronto, July 2, Mrs. Edward Bowles, a daughter.
Dunn—June 23, Toronto, Mrs. Fred W. Dunn, a daughter.
Bell—June 25, Brantford, Mrs. J. P. Bell, a daughter.
Kingstone—June 27, Toronto, Mrs. A. Courtney Kingstone, a son.
Moore—June 28, Toronto, Mrs. S. Hubert Moore, triplets, two daughters and a son.
Wood—Toronto, Mrs. E. C. F. Wood, a son.
Wharin—July 1, Toronto, Mrs. H. J. Wharin, a son.
Bickerstaff—June 28, Toronto, Mrs. Arthur R. Bickerstaff, a daughter.
Brown—July 2, Parkdale, Mrs. Newton H. Brown, a daughter.

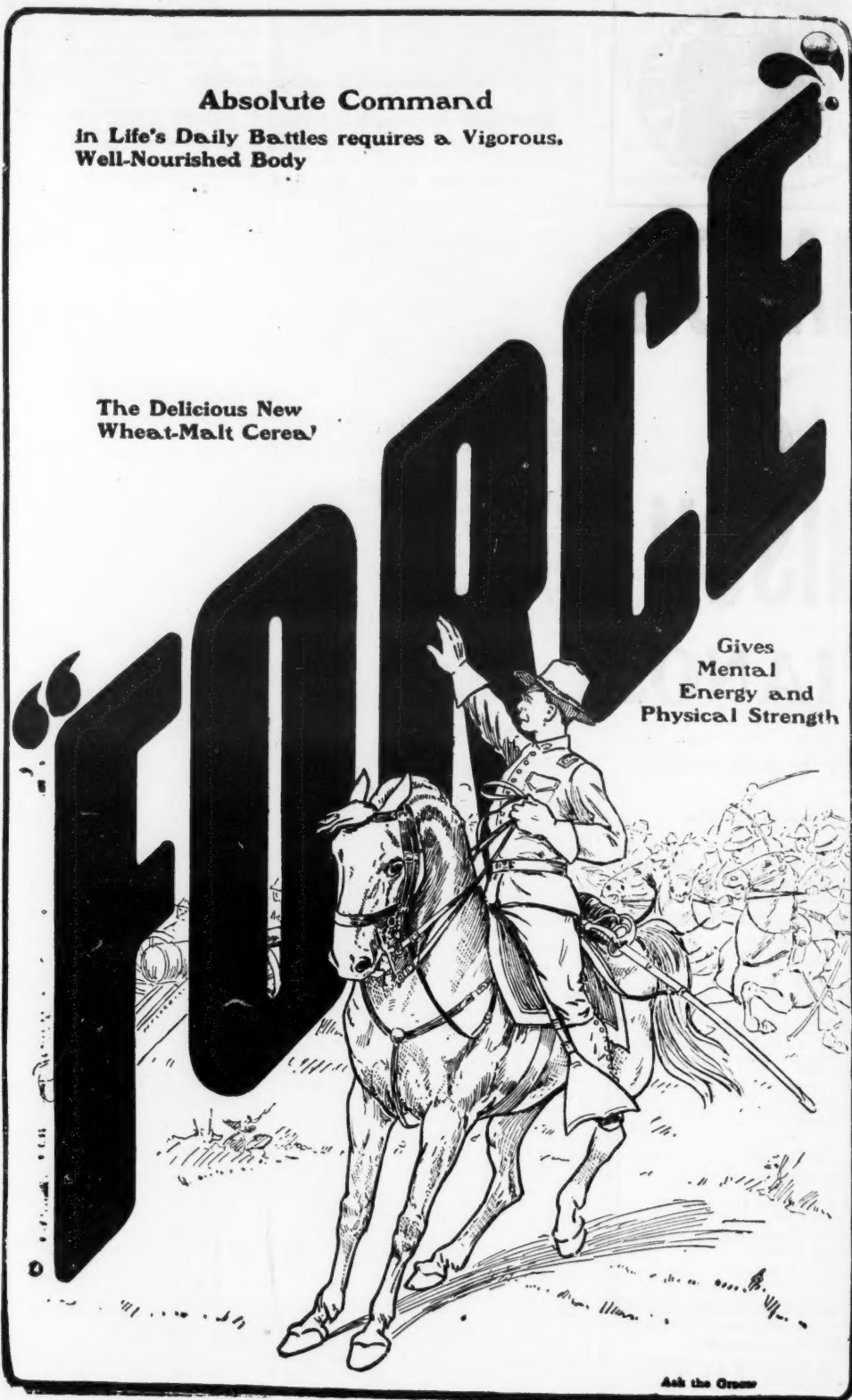
Marriages.

Stewart—Pearson—On Thursday, the 26th inst., at 3 p.m., in the Presbyterian Church, Quebec, by the Rev. Geo. Brown, of Toronto, uncle of the bride, Thomas Patterson Stewart of Toronto, to Marjorie, third daughter of Dr. B. E. Pearson of Quebec.
Campbell—Murdoch—At Hensall, on June 30, 1902, Amy, eldest daughter of Thomas Murdoch, Esq., to Byron Alexander Campbell, M.D., of Zurich.
Fowler—Custance—June 26, Toronto, Willie G. Fowler to Annie Custance.
Rowland—Scott—June 26, Toronto, Wm. A. Rowland to Christina M. Scott.
Barnfield—Cockburn—June 25, Toronto, Edward Henry Barnfield to Mary Cockburn.
Shields—Scott—June 25, Toronto, Louis Franklin Shields to Eva Bertha Scott.
Thompson—Hawken—June 25, Toronto, Peter Thomson to Lily Etta Hawken.
Dickson—Hillar—June 26, Toronto, James Dickson to Isabella Hillar.
Doane—Shiel—June 25, Toronto, Joseph H. Doane to Bernadette Shiel.
Biddle—Shearer—June 25, Toronto, Joseph Biddle to Sadie E. Shearer.
Stephens—Sutherland—June 25, Toronto, Llewellyn Frederick Stephens to Mary Helen Sutherland.
Collie—Burns—June 24, Toronto, William Wallace Collie to Georgina Burns.

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Tait—Graham—June 30, Toronto, William R. Tait to Ross Maud Graham.
Smith—Leaman—July 1, Toronto, Charles G. Smith to Mabel Leaman.
Hunt—Williams—June 30, Toronto, Frederick D. Hunt to Emma L. Williams.

Deaths.

Bacon—June 27, Toronto, Mrs. Harriet Roberta Bacon, aged 80.
Martin—June 27, Toronto, Alexander Martin, aged 79.
Morley—June 25, Toronto, Gladys E. Morley, aged 6.
Fraser—Toronto, George Fraser, aged 56.
Mighton—June 17, Toronto, Mrs. Samuel Mighton, aged 55.
Cadieux—June 28, Toronto, Francis

Joseph Cadieux.
Crawford—June 28, Toronto, Mrs. Mary A. Crawford, aged 58.
Brown—June 27, Toronto, Mrs. Emily Brown, aged 56.
Matheson—June 28, Toronto, George Matheson.
Craven—June 28, Toronto, James Craven, aged 62.
Ingile—June 29, Toronto, Mrs. Margaret Lewis.
McMillan—July 1, Toronto, Alexander Gordon—July 1, Toronto, Mrs. Ellen Gordon, aged 66.
O'Halloran—July 2, Toronto, Michael O'Halloran, aged 80.
Edwards—July 1, Kew Beach, Toronto, Elizabeth Mary Edwards, aged 17.
Manning—July 2, Toronto, R. Y. Manning.

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